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SILVER
SAINTS MC

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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ROM

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Cover designed by Elle Christensen.

Edited by Editing4Indies

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CONTENTS

Rom

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Chapter 14

Epilogue

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About the Author

ROM

The last thing Roman “Rom” Cross expected when he attended a graduation was to be thrown for a loop when he spotted Layla Holmes in the parking lot. The sexy biker had no doubt that the gorgeous kindergarten teacher was meant to be his, so he claimed her the first chance he got.

But their relationship is tested when an old enemy comes looking to settle a score with Rom. With bullets flying, will Layla and Rom get their happily ever after?

1

ROM

“Good thing we’ve cultivated a reputation for being ruthless, badass bikers,” Phantom grumbled as we ambled into the garage at the Silver Saints MC compound.

“Why? Because most of our brothers are pussy-whipped?” I replied dryly.

“Just our brothers?” he sighed. “That why we’re traipsing our asses to the next state for a high school graduation?”

I stopped next to my bike and slipped my aviators off my head, settling them on my nose. “Loyalty,” I grunted. That was a big part of why we were headed to the graduation of two of our old ladies. Grey’s woman, Lorelei, and Cash’s woman, Karina, were best friends who’d both fallen for Silver Saints. And in true SS fashion, while they’d both been eighteen when they were claimed, they were also both knocked up before they graduated from high school.

However, loyalty was only part of the equation. The whole truth was that the old ladies had all the brothers wrapped around their fingers. I loved them all like sisters and hated to disappoint them. I was happy to be there to support Lorelei and Karina.

However, that didn’t stop me from giving the married patches shit for being led around by their dicks.

I had no desire to follow their example. My sisters were giving my parents grandchildren, and I was content enough to be an “uncle” to the ever-growing crowd of munchkins running around the clubhouse. It was very clear that my brothers didn’t support the condom industry.

Phantom shoved his helmet down on his head without comment and

climbed onto his hog. I followed suit, and we roared down the highway.

Peace settled inside me as I cut through the wind, feeling almost as if I were flying. Nothing was better than riding my motorcycle, nothing else that made me feel free.

My parents were loving and kind, but my lawyer father and biochemist mother had expected a lot from their children. They had definitely wanted more for their only son than to be in a gang—their words, of course—and the manager of a bar. I'd been an obedient kid and gone to college, earning a degree in business. After that, I was done. I'd been prospecting with the Silver Saints my last two years of school, and shortly after graduation, I'd been made a full member. I'd been managing one of the other SS bars, but Mac—my president—had recently asked me to take over Liquid Silver since it was the largest and busiest.

I loved my job, but being on the road, I was free of everything. I found peace and contentment there.

When we arrived at the event, we parked by all the other motorcycles grouped at one end of the lot. I dismounted, secured my helmet in a saddle bag, then waited for Phantom to join me before we headed toward the entrance we'd been instructed to use.

My gaze swept over our surroundings as we weaved through the cars and landed on a metallic blue MINI Cooper convertible with black racing stripes and MINI Night Jack side scuttles. It was cute, but the car wasn't what had me freezing in my tracks.

The first thing I saw was a creamy, shapely leg in a sparkly pink stiletto with a bow on the toe, then it was joined by another, this one equally delicious. Long, straight brown hair fell in a curtain as she exited, hiding the rest of her body until she stood beside the vehicle. My lips turned down in a frown when I realized that her flirty black skirt only fell to mid-thigh.

It irritated the shit out of me to know that other men were being given a view of something that was only meant for me. Although, with the way she kept tugging at the hem, I had a feeling she hadn't realized just how short the skirt was until she got out of the car. It didn't make me any happier that so much of her sexy legs were on display, but I was slightly mollified that she was uncomfortable with it too.

She bent over and reached into the car, giving me a perfect view of her spectacular ass. Then she stood back up and shut the door, turning toward me and pushing her hair back over her shoulder. My breath caught in my throat

as I took in the full view.

My lips curved up when I glanced at her little car again. It fit her, cute and a bit of a contradiction with the racing stripes. Like the prim, pink cardigan she was wearing—that matched her fuck-me heels—but it didn't hide the fact that she was a fucking knockout, from her silky hair to her generous tits, round hips, and those mouthwatering legs that I was dying to have wrapped around me.

My cock had sprung to attention when I first saw her, but it swelled to the point of pain when I imagined her heels digging into my ass as I pounded into her.

Son of a bitch.

I needed to get myself under control so the bulge in my leathers wasn't so damn obvious. Blinking a few times, I tried to focus on her face. Big brown eyes surrounded by thick black lashes, enhanced by a subtle shimmer on her lids. Her creamy skin had an adorable sprinkling of freckles over her nose and cheeks. I was gaining some semblance of control over my body until my gaze landed on her pouty, pink-stained lips. *Fuck.* They immediately inspired thoughts of sliding my dick between them and seeing the ring her lipstick would leave behind.

“Rom? Are you coming?” Phantom asked from a foot away, breaking me out of my lust-filled bubble. His quizzical stare was visible because he'd put his sunglasses on the top of his head.

I glanced back toward my woman—well shit, those fuckers had been right. I'd fallen instantly, as was the usual for Silver Saints—then shook my head at Phantom. “I have to...” My gaze slid over to her once more, and Phantom's followed. He chuckled and spun on his heel to stroll toward the building.

When I realized that my girl was about to do the same, I made a beeline for her, stepping into her path a few feet from her car. She was looking in another direction and crashed right into me. My hands went to her curvy hips to keep her from falling backward, and her tits pressed against my chest, forcing me to hold back a groan of pleasure.

“Oh! Excuse me!” she said sweetly as she tried to take a step back. “I'm so sorry, I should have been paying attention to where I was going.”

I was sorely tempted to keep her right where she was, but I didn't want to scare her away. Reluctantly, I let her go. She was probably a little under a foot shorter than me, so her head had to drop back when she looked up at my

face, exposing her slender neck. It had been a long time since a woman had sparked any interest in me, but I couldn't recall ever being turned on by a woman's neck. It seemed everything about this gorgeous creature had quickly become my obsession.

Her lips parted, her expression turning to something akin to awe, and her dark brown eyes heated. My mouth curled up into a satisfied smirk now that I knew she was just as affected by me as I was by her.

"Hello, gorgeous," I crooned, my voice low and seductive. I forced myself not to grin when her pupils contracted and a tiny tremor shook her body.

"Um...hi." Her voice was breathless and sexy as hell.

"My fault. Didn't mean to startle you." *Sure I did.* "Not that I'm complaining about running into a beautiful woman. I hope you'll forgive me...?" I let the sentence hang, hoping she would fill in the blank.

"Layla."

Damn, even her name made me want to fuck her.

"I'm Rom." I frowned and, to my surprise, corrected myself. "Roman."

"Roman," she repeated. The sound of my name on her lips sent the rest of the blood in my brain rushing straight to my dick. But I was nearly brought to my knees when it also filled me with a peace and contentment that I'd only ever experienced one other place. It seemed impossible that she would make me feel the same freedom and sense of home that I experienced on the back of my bike. Then again, she was obviously meant to be mine, so perhaps that made complete sense.

"Well, beautiful Layla, why don't you let me make it up to you?"

Her eyes grew big and round, her cheeks bloomed with pink, and her lips formed a little O. Then she blinked a few times before shaking her head.

2

LAYLA

Math wasn't my strong suit—which was part of why I enjoyed teaching kindergarteners instead of older elementary school students—but I figured there was maybe a 1 percent chance that this guy was actually interested in me. Not only was he a smoking hot biker who probably drew women like moths to the flame, but he also had to be at least ten years older than me. His age didn't make him any less attractive, though.

With his square jaw, bulging muscles, and amber-brown eyes, Roman was drop-dead gorgeous. Add in the short dark hair along with his height and tan skin, and his picture could be added to the dictionary next to tall, dark, and handsome. Especially with the six o'clock shadow on his cheeks adding to his aura of danger. Meanwhile, I was his exact opposite—a boring teacher who couldn't even intimidate her five-year-old students.

I always thought I wasn't interested in dating because I'd been so focused on getting through school. But with how my body reacted to Roman, I realized it was just because I hadn't met someone who brought my dormant libido roaring to life. It was just my luck that the first guy who had the power to make my panties spontaneously combust was a sexy biker who was far out of my league.

Before I did something to embarrass myself—like throw myself at Roman—I needed to get out of here. Jerking my thumb over my shoulder, I mumbled. “Umm, that's not necessary. Sorry. I need to go. My brother is graduating, and our parents are waiting for me inside since they dropped him off earlier.”

I didn't give him the chance to reply before I swiveled on my heel and

darted toward the building, walking as quickly as my shoes would let me without falling flat on my face. Not that I had to worry about Roman chasing after me or anything like that...although a part of me deep down inside really wished he had. Then maybe I actually would've believed he was interested in me.

I shoved those thoughts out of my mind as I walked all the way up to the top of the stands to join my parents. Dropping onto the seat they saved for me, I fanned myself with the graduation program I'd been given as I came inside.

My mom's brows drew together as she leaned forward to peer around my dad at me. "Why do you look so flushed? Is the air-conditioning in your car not working? You can't let something like that go for too long, especially with the hottest days of summer right around the corner. Dad can take a look at it for you tonight."

"My car is fine," I replied, barely stopping myself from rolling my eyes at how quickly she jumped to that assumption. I was a twenty-two-year-old woman with a college degree, an apartment of my own, and was almost done with my first year of teaching. My car was practically brand new—my only indulgence after I graduated. Besides my shoe collection.

But that didn't stop my mom from treating me like one of my kindergartners.

"Then why are you all red and sweaty?" She cocked her head to the side. "Oh, dear. Is it that time of the month?"

Her whisper was loud enough that people in the rows surrounding us heard her question, and their soft laughter made my cheeks heat even more. "Stop. Please. Seriously, Mom. I just got a little warm walking from the car all the way up here since you guys decided to pick seats as far away from the stage as you could possibly get."

"Your father wanted to have a bird's-eye view of everything." She flashed my dad a smile when he shook his head. "And they're live streaming the whole thing, so I don't have to worry about getting good pictures. I'll just pull up the recording later and get some great screenshots of Luther."

"At least our voices will echo when we cheer for him as he walks across the stage," my dad muttered. "Otherwise, the poor kid might wonder if we decided to bail after dropping him off."

Mom jackknifed up and twisted in her seat to glare at him. "As if I'd ever do something like that."

“You never know what wild ideas that boy is gonna get in his head.” He shrugged. “Next week, he might run off to join the circus for the summer.”

Picturing my brother dressed as a clown in the sweltering heat with paint dripping down his face, I snickered. “The funny thing is, I could actually see him doing something like that.”

“Luther will be heading off to college in August, and that’s that.” My mom folded her hands together in her lap. “He knows how important his education is, just like you did when you were his age.”

“I didn’t say he was going to skip out on college, honey,” he corrected. “Just that he could decide to spend the next three months traveling the country with the circus before he ended up there.”

“More like he’ll go work for an amusement park with how much he loves roller coasters,” I joked.

“Good point.” Dad nodded with a grin. “At least then he could maybe do some networking if he decides to stick with mechanical engineering as his major.”

“Hush, you two,” Mom chided before heaving a deep sigh. “Luther isn’t going to run off anywhere. He’s going to stay home for the summer, right where he belongs.”

“Of course, he will.” My dad patted her hand. “Our children always do what you want.”

As much as I wished he was wrong, I couldn’t argue the point when I’d come back to my home town to teach...just like my mom had urged me to do. Pressing my lips together, I hummed, “Mm-hmm.”

“Did you see where your brother is listed in the program?” She flipped it open with a huff. “There’s not a single mention of him until the second to last page.”

Luther was lucky to be participating in the ceremony at all, but I wasn’t going to say that out loud. At five years younger than me, my brother was the baby of the family, and my mom treated him that way. He was smart enough to earn an academic scholarship to a great college, but he tended to get himself into trouble when he had too much time on his hands.

Like covering his coach’s car in shaving cream for a senior prank, without thinking about the permanent damage it would do to the paint job. Or that getting caught would put his graduation at risk. Until our parents made some calls and wrote a hefty check to the school to pay for the new uniforms that they wanted for the football team next year.

Dad patted me on the back. “Only because he didn’t make salutatorian like our girl did.”

“And they barely even let her speak.” Mom sniffed and shook her head.

It’d been five years since my high school graduation, and she sounded just as upset by the fact that they only gave me five minutes when the valedictorian got ten now as she had back then. My mom wasn’t one to let things go easily...which was why it was probably for the best that Roman hadn’t truly been interested in me. Her head would most likely explode if my first boyfriend was a biker.

3

ROM

I was in a shit mood after Layla practically ran away from me. I'd almost chased her just to make sure she didn't break an ankle from walking so fast in her stilettos.

However, I managed to push the urge away long enough to congratulate Karina and Lorelei. Then I stomped off to find my seat and brood, while planning how the fuck I was going to find my woman. I'd scanned the crowd several times but hadn't been able to spot her.

"Rom, I need you to sit next to Lorelei's mom," Grey muttered, startling me since all of my attention had been on searching the crowd again.

"Why?" I asked, narrowing my eyes in suspicion. We all knew her parents hadn't been happy about Lorelei's choice of...pretty much everything. I'd only spent less than a minute in her presence when they arrived and already knew she was an obnoxious pain in the ass.

"Because you're less likely to strangle her if she opens her fucking mouth." I snorted, and Grey rolled his eyes. "I said *less* likely."

"Fine," I grumbled. I stood and shuffled over to the seat next to Janice. She glanced at me and raised her snobby nose in the air before turning to her husband.

She didn't say much until Lorelei's name was called, and she started walking across the stage. Every Silver Saint in the crowd stood, hooting and hollering in support of our girl.

That didn't stop me from overhearing Janice when she complained. "This is so embarrassing, Steven," she whispered loudly. Then she dropped her voice. "Our daughter is graduating from high school, and she's pregnant. And

married to that...that..."

"Outlaw?" I supplied with a smirk.

"It's disgraceful!" she snapped, still ignoring me.

I would have laughed at what happened next, if my ears hadn't hurt so damn much.

Lorelei pumped her fist in the air and yelled, "Watch out, this graduate has a baby on board!"

Janice's scream of outrage was mostly drowned out from the noise of the cheering crowd. But since I stood right next to her, and she turned to face me when the wall of sound exited her lungs, my ears were ringing.

Luckily, Lorelei hadn't heard her mom, and Grey was a few rows down from us. He whipped around, his face a mask of fury. I gave him a look and flicked my eyes toward the stage. The reminder that his attention should be on his old lady did the trick. He shot Janice one more scathing scowl, then climbed out of the row to meet his woman when she reached us and grabbed her up in a big bear hug.

The reaction was much the same—minus an outraged screech, which my ears were supremely grateful for—when Karina crossed the stage.

When the ceremony ended, I walked over to one side of the room and leaned against the wall. I watched intensely as the room emptied, trying to spot my woman. If only everyone's shoes had been visible. I thought I found her a couple of times, but I couldn't move through the throngs of people fast enough to get to her before she disappeared through the exit.

Finally, in a last-ditch effort, which I realized should have been my first, I hurried out to hopefully catch her at her car. Just my fucking luck, her vehicle was gone, and because I was a damn idiot, I hadn't thought to grab her license plate number.

As I stalked to my bike, I comforted myself with the fact that Grey was one of the world's best hackers. His road name came from his activities as a gray hat hacker. He would find her for me.

Back at the clubhouse, the party was in full swing. I didn't want to pull Grey away from his woman and the celebration, but I was quickly losing patience.

Finally, a couple of the women, including Lorelei, wandered into the kitchen. Grey was about to follow her, but I blocked his path.

"Need a favor," I told him gruffly.

Grey raised his brows and flicked his gaze toward the kitchen

impatiently.

My eyes narrowed. “You owe me, brother. Lorelei’s mom practically blew out my eardrums, and I didn’t strangle her for the shit she spewed.”

He huffed and crossed his arms over his chest but nodded for me to go on.

“I need you to find someone.”

He studied me for a second, then a slow grin spread across his face. “Found your old lady, huh? She go running from your ugly mug?”

I scowled, irritated at his amusement. Mostly because I knew payback was a bitch and I’d earned it.

“She was in a hurry because her brother was graduating. I only got her first name and a description. Know the car but didn’t get a license plate number.”

Grey rolled his eyes. “Helpful.” Then he shrugged. “I’ve had less to go on. I can tap the cameras to find a trail. Maybe if I can figure out who her brother is, it will lead to her. Text me the details, and I’ll start working on finding her tomorrow.”

My frown deepened, but he matched the expression just as fiercely. “I’m gonna celebrate with my woman tonight,” he told me in a steely voice. “I’ll get on it first thing tomorrow.”

I swallowed the urge to shove him up against the wall and demand that he start right that minute. It wasn’t Grey who had me checking my impulses, though. Lorelei had worked damn hard, and she deserved an uninterrupted celebration with her man.

“Thanks,” I gritted out.

Grey smacked my shoulder. “I get it, brother. I’ll find her.” With a lift of his chin in farewell, he went to find his wife.

Mentally grumbling, I wandered back into the lounge area and over to the bar. Phantom sat on one of the stools, nursing a beer and staring at his phone with his lips curled down. This wasn’t surprising since Phantom’s natural state was frowning “What’s got you grinning so big?” I joked as I rounded the bar top and walked behind it, intent on making myself a drink.

Phantom looked up, and other than the downward curve of his mouth, his expression gave away nothing. He was the hardest person to read that I’d ever met. However, it didn’t come as a shock since he’d spent fifteen years with the Company.

“Fight tomorrow,” he offered succinctly. He was also a boxer, fighting in

an MC underground ring, and he rarely lost.

“What’s the purse?” I queried as I grabbed a glass tumbler and a top-shelf bottle of whiskey.

Phantom shrugged as he set down his phone and took a swig of his brown glass bottle. He didn’t fight for the money or because he was damaged and used it as some kind of therapy. He boxed because he enjoyed it. I suspected that his lack of desperation was why he won nearly every fight. He was steady, methodical, strong, and just bloodthirsty enough to be lethal.

“I didn’t look. We’ve had so much shit going on lately. Haven’t been in a fight for a few months. I’m feeling rusty.”

A chuckle escaped my chest as I poured the smoky liquid into my glass. Phantom’s mouth twitched—the closest he got to a smile. He stayed in perfect condition whether he was fighting or not. I also worked out regularly and kept myself in excellent shape, but I still struggled to keep up with his insane workouts.

“What had your panties in a twist this morning?” he asked, nodding his thanks when I took his empty bottle and handed him a fresh, icy one.

I scowled at him and tossed back half of my drink, enjoying the burn because it helped to stem my growing need for Layla. My glass clinked as I set it back on the gleaming wood surface. My instinct was to keep everything to myself. I didn’t want to share Layla, even if it was a simple conversation with one of my brothers. However, Phantom was my best friend and would help in any way I asked. Same went for me, so I was honest with him. “Found my girl, but she ran off before I could get more than her name. Looked for her in the crowd, but no luck.”

Phantom raised an eyebrow but didn’t make a dig at me. “Grey’ll find her.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, taking another swallow of my whiskey.

My friend’s lips twitched again. *Ah, here it comes.*

“Weren’t you giving Patriot shit the other day for being pussy-whipped?”

“Yeah,” I muttered. It had been a joke, but the truth was that I never expected to be on the receiving end of this habit—or whatever they want to call it—of falling instantly for the love of my life.

I was going to eat a fuck ton of crow over this.

“You wait,” I grumbled before finishing the liquid in my tumbler and rinsing it out in the small sink.

Phantom snorted. “I’m too fucking cynical for love. The only people who

have my trust are my brothers, their old ladies, and my dad.”

“Bullshit,” I argued. “That’s what we all thought.”

It had definitely been my attitude. Until Layla. Now, I would stop at nothing to claim my woman.

It took Grey a couple of days to find out that Layla was a kindergarten teacher in the same town where her brother had graduated from high school. But the flu made the rounds through my staff, and I was stuck playing bartender, server, and manager for the next several days.

The first chance I got once everyone had recovered, I hopped onto my bike and left to go get my girl.

4

LAYLA

As I stood on the sidewalk helping my students into their parents' cars on the last day of school, I experienced a weird mixture of emotions. Although I was happy to have navigated my first year as a teacher without any major issues and looking forward to a relaxing summer, I was also sad to be losing my favorite students to their first-grade teacher next year.

Like Timmy, who held my hand after the rest of his classmates had been picked up. His mother was late. *Again*. On the last freaking day of school.

"I'm sure your mom will be here soon," I reassured him with a forced smile.

He scuffed the toe of his shoe against the sidewalk, looking unconvinced. "Uh-huh."

I ruffled his hair before reaching into my pocket to pull out a sucker. I didn't use candy to motivate my students during class—I had a desk drawer full of stickers, bookmarks, and fun pencils for that. But I'd found that giving them a special treat tended to lighten the sting of disappointment in situations like this.

"Isn't green your favorite color?" I asked, showing him the piece of candy. "What a coincidence!"

Timmy's frown curved into a smile as he stared up at me. "Can I have it?"

"Definitely," I confirmed as I gave him the sucker.

I'd become more emotionally attached to my students than I'd expected, especially the ones who didn't have the best home life. I had a feeling that not seeing them every day would be a difficult adjustment, but I knew from

student teaching that I needed the time to recharge so I was ready for the following year.

The low rumble of an engine pulled me out of my thoughts, and my breath caught in my throat when I looked up and spotted a man on a motorcycle pulling into the parking lot. It was a rare sight during student pick-up, and something about him made me think of the biker who'd flirted with me at Luther's graduation. When he pulled into a front-row parking spot and tugged off his helmet, I knew why. The guy *was* Roman.

And he headed straight for me as soon as he got off his motorcycle.

Holy cow!

"Whoa! Who is that?" Melissa, one of the other kindergarten teachers, whispered.

"I don't know, but for the first time ever, I'm thrilled that one of my parents is running late." Stacy flicked her hair over her shoulder and tugged on the hem of her shirt so it showed off her boobs more. I wasn't one to listen to gossip, but I'd heard plenty about the pretty first-grade teacher who was rumored to hit on her students' fathers on a regular basis.

The possibility of her flirting with Roman bothered me more than it should when I didn't have any claim on the man. Especially when I'd have to see it all go down. With her blond hair, blue eyes, hourglass figure, and clothes that pushed the school's dress code to its limits, she was probably more Roman's type than I was.

My hand tightened around Timmy's as the sexy biker approached, and the boy looked up at me with narrowed eyes. Then his gaze darted toward Roman, and his little chest puffed out. I had to bite my lip to stop myself from giggling at his adorable attempt to look bigger next to the man who towered over both of us.

Roman ignored Stacy's attempts to get his attention. Instead, he turned his back toward her as he lifted his chin at me and murmured, "Hey, Layla."

"Umm...hi." My brows drew together as I stared up at him. "What're you doing here? Do you have a child in school?" My heart squeezed at the thought of Roman having a baby with another woman. Which was ridiculous since I had no claim on him and the likelihood that he would want to have a baby with me was basically zero.

He shook his head and muttered something that sounded like, "Not yet," but I was sure I'd misheard him.

"I was hoping to catch you before you left." He flashed me a sexy grin

that had my inner thighs clenching. “You didn’t give me your number, so I had to track you down somehow.”

Timmy muttered, “Why?”

I wanted to hug the curious boy for asking the question that was on my mind, but I was too busy glaring at Stacy for her hissed, “I don’t get it. Why in the world would someone as hot as him want Layla’s number, let alone take the time to find her? She’s so...”

Melissa elbowed Stacy in the side with a whispered, “Shh, there are still students here.”

“Whatever.” Stacy rolled her eyes. “Like I really care when I’m not even coming back next year. I got a job at Henderson Academy, which is so much better than this place. As soon as my classroom is cleaned up, I’m out of here for good.”

I had a feeling she wasn’t talking about the higher pay and benefits at the private school, but instead the bank accounts of the men who sent their children there. My nose wrinkled as I pressed my lips together to stop myself from saying something that I would regret.

“So damn cute,” Roman murmured, his gaze locked on my face.

“Miss Holmes.” Timmy tugged on my hand, dragging my attention away from Roman. “We’re not s’posed to talk to strangers. Remember? You taught us dat.”

I smiled down at the boy. “I don’t know him very well, but Roman isn’t a stranger. We’ve met once before.”

“Oh.” He slipped his sucker back in his mouth.

“I’m hoping to make up for lost time since it’s already been a week.”

“Make up for lost time?” Stacy echoed with a screech. “The guy is in a freaking MC, and she’s a boring kindergarten teacher. Seriously, what does he want with her?”

Melissa slapped her palm over the other teacher’s mouth and dragged her away. I was just about to apologize for her behavior when Timmy echoed her last words. “What do you want with *my* teacher?”

There was no missing the thread of possessiveness in Timmy’s voice as he glared up at Roman.

“Well,” the sexy biker crouched so he was eye-to-eye with my student, “I was hoping I could talk her into going to dinner with me tonight.”

“What kinda dinner?” Timmy asked.

“Anything she wants,” Roman replied, tilting his head back to flash me a

panty-melting grin. “Something you should know for when you’re older... you only have one chance at a first date. So you gotta do it right if you want to impress your girl.”

“Eww, girls are gross.” Timmy looked up at me. “But not you, Miss Holmes. You’re awesome.”

Roman chuckled as he straightened. “Gotta agree with you on that, little man.”

Timmy’s mom’s car finally pulled up next to us. As I led him over to the rear passenger door, he turned to look at Roman again before nodding. “She likes cheese pizza da best.”

As Timmy’s mom’s car pulled away, Roman and I were the last two people standing on the sidewalk. He moved closer and murmured, “I was hoping to take you somewhere that would impress you, but if pizza is your favorite food, I’m down for that instead.”

His confidence and good humor only made him more attractive, but I had a feeling that if I gave him an inch, he’d take a mile. Just like my most precocious students. “I don’t remember accepting your invitation. Or you even asking me, for that matter.”

Roman grinned at me. “Now that I’ve got the kid’s okay, will you go out with me?”

“For dinner? Tonight?”

He nodded. “No time like the present.”

I glanced down at my outfit with a grimace. Since the last day of school was hectic, the dress code was lifted and I’d worn jeans and a cute purple sweatshirt with tennis shoes—albeit really awesome ones that were pink and glittery with flowers embroidered to look like they were growing up from the soles, and silky, pale green ribbons for the laces. “I’m not exactly dressed for a date.”

“Trust me, beautiful. You’ll outshine everyone else at the restaurant, no matter where we go or what you’re wearing.” He twirled a lock of my hair around his finger. “That’s why that catty chick was so bitchy about you. Pure jealousy because you’re everything she’s not.”

I pressed my lips together and shuffled my feet. “I’m pretty sure you’re wrong about that since she’s gorgeous.”

His eyes darkened to a deeper shade of brown as he shifted his finger to press against the underside of my chin so I couldn’t escape his gaze as he muttered, “Which one of us has a dick?”

“You,” I sputtered with a laugh.

“Which means I’m the one who knows that you make me hard as a fucking rock without even trying.” He dropped his hand down to adjust himself, and there was no denying he was telling the truth based on the bulge in his jeans. “But she could’ve stripped completely naked, and I wouldn’t have even noticed.”

His statement was more blunt than romantic, but it still had butterflies swarming in my belly. “You seem to have an answer for everything.”

“If that’s what it takes to get you to come to dinner with me tonight... damn straight, I do.” He flashed me a sexy grin. “Did it work?”

“If you really meant it when you said you’re down for pizza, yeah.” Before he could tug me toward his motorcycle, I added, “But I need to go inside and grab my purse, and I’m going to drive myself since my car is here.”

“Deal.”

5

ROM

I was dying to have Layla on the back of my bike, but I didn't know if she'd ever ridden one before, so it seemed like a better idea to let her drive to dinner.

The school was tight on security, so I couldn't walk her to class to retrieve her things, but I waited at the door for her. Partly so I could walk her to her car, and the other part was making sure she didn't change her mind and run off on me.

When she emerged back into the sunlight, she smiled sweetly, and I kept pace with her until she stopped at the driver's door to her MINI Cooper.

She looked up at me, squinting from the brightness, and licked her lips, forcing me to hold back a groan. "It's a little early for dinner. Do you want to meet up later at a restaurant?"

I shook my head and plucked her keys from her hand to open her door for her. "The more time I get to spend with you, the better," I told her. Then with a wink, I added, "Besides, I'm not going to give you any time to change your mind."

Layla giggled, and the musical sound made me smile. She really was incredible. Although, it seemed like I might need to do a little work to convince her to agree with me. I didn't like how that other teacher had implied that Layla wasn't good enough for me. If I were the type of guy to hit a woman, I'd have knocked her on her ass. Layla was fucking gorgeous, even in casual clothes and—I grinned at her footwear—adorable, unique sneakers.

"How about I let you pick the place?" I offered. I wasn't familiar with the area, so anywhere I chose would have been a shot in the dark. I didn't want to

start off our first date with shitty food.

Layla smiled brightly. “Okay. There’s a little place two blocks from here that has amazing pizza and calzones. It’s the yummiest thing you’ll ever eat.”

I doubt it. I pressed my lips together so that I wouldn’t blurt out the thought. I was willing to bet my hog that her pussy would be the most delicious thing I’d ever eat. But I was trying to take things slow and give her time to get used to me instead of tossing her over my shoulder like a Neanderthal and carrying her off to my cave.

“I’ll follow you.”

I helped her into her seat and crouched down to pull the belt across so that my hand lightly brushed against one of her big tits. She sucked in a breath and shivered. I held back a smirk, satisfied that I affected her so strongly. It was only fair since anytime she had come to my mind over the past week, I’d been walking crooked until I could find a distraction.

She led me to a little hole-in-the-wall joint, and I parked my bike in the space next to her little car. Then I climbed off and opened her door before she got to it. With another sweet smile, she put her soft hand in my much rougher one, and I helped her stand. After she locked the car, I threaded our fingers together, and we entered the restaurant side by side.

The hostess was a young girl—probably in high school—scrolling through her phone with a bored expression as she blew a bubble of pink gum before popping it.

“Two,” I said. My voice startled her, and she jumped, nearly dropping her phone.

“Um, sure,” she muttered as she shoved the cell in her pocket and grabbed two menus. “Follow...um...” She finally looked at us, and when her gaze landed on me, she licked her lips before saying, “Hi,” in a breathless tone that sounded like a little kid whining rather than the seductive voice I was pretty sure she’d been going for.

Her eyes swept over my body, and I mentally sighed. I curled my arm around Layla and tucked her into my side, placing a soft kiss on the top of her head. Layla had been a little stiff, but then she melted into me. I glanced down to see her glaring daggers at the girl and smirked.

“My woman and I are hungry, think you could show us to a table, little girl, or do you want to ogle her man some more and risk her wrath?”

Layla straightened her spine and scowled even deeper. *Good girl.*

The hostess blinked and took a step back, then spun on her heel. “Right

this way.”

She took us to a booth by the big, front window, and I helped Layla slide onto the bench seat before following her in. When she looked up at me in surprise, my gaze dropped to her lips, and I wasn't hungry for food anymore.

I bent my head and lightly touched my mouth to hers, then palmed the sides of her face when she let out a tiny little moan. The slap of plastic on the table broke the spell, and I whipped my head around to scowl at the retreating back of the obnoxious brat.

While I would have much preferred to get back to our kiss, Layla's stomach chose that moment to rumble. I laughed and picked up the two faded menus encased in clear plastic with a bright red edge. After handing her one, I scanned the options, then tossed it away. “What do you usually get here?” I asked softly, bending my head so my lips were at her ear.

I grinned when her breath caught for a second, then she cleared her throat. “Um, I like the pineapple and ham pizza.”

Clearly, my attempt to hide my disgust failed because she threw her head back and laughed. I couldn't help but smile in return. “Fruit doesn't belong anywhere near a pizza,” I grumped.

Her eyes sparkled, causing warmth to flow through my body. “How about sausage and green pepper then?”

“Sounds perfect.”

A server had stopped by with glasses of water while we were deciding on our meal, and I took a sip as I put my arm over Layla's shoulders and relaxed on the bench seat. She glanced up at me with a shy smile, and after setting my drink on the table, I leaned in to kiss her, but we were interrupted by a gravelly voice asking, “Are you ready to order?” Layla jerked back and her cheeks heated, making me chuckle before turning to face our server.

Flo—according to her name tag— couldn't have been a day under seventy-five, with tight gray curls on her head, deep wrinkles on her face, and bright red lipstick. Though her voice had been low and rough—probably from years of smoking—she wore a pleasant expression. She looked like she'd just walked out of a diner scene in an old movie.

I ordered our pizza and some breadsticks, along with a soda for Layla and a beer for me. Flo smiled and nodded, then walked back toward the kitchen with a spring in her step that belied her age.

Layla giggled, and the sound set all of my nerve endings on alert. I was acutely aware of her lush body cuddled up to my much harder one. “I feel

like we almost got caught making out by my grandmother.”

“Almost,” I agreed with a wink. Then I captured her lips in a lazy, exploring kiss. One of my hands slipped into her hair to cradle the back of her skull, and I licked along the seam of her mouth. When she opened, my tongue slid inside and curled with hers, eliciting a tiny moan from her throat.

I wanted to pull her onto my lap, to cup her delicious ass and grind my engorged cock. But a small part of me was still sane enough to remember we were in public. Still, I didn’t pull away until we heard the clearing of a throat. I released Layla’s lips with a soft chuckle. “Busted,” I whispered.

Layla’s face was tomato red, but she fell into a fit of giggles, making me grin as I turned to look at Flo.

“Sorry. Got carried away.”

Flo tsked, but her eyes danced merrily as she placed our glasses and basket of bread in front of us. “Keep it PG, lovebirds. This is a family establishment.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I replied with a contrite smile, making her laugh.

A young guy stood beside her with a tray, and he set it on the table. The aroma was mouthwatering, and I realized I’d been so focused on Layla that I’d forgotten to eat. The only thing I’d been hungry for was her.

But now, with the food in front of us, I was starving.

“Enjoy. And let me know if you need anything else.” Flo bustled off and we dug into the delicious fare.

While we ate, we made small talk, getting to know each other better. The more she told me, the more I was convinced that she was the one for me. Sweet, funny, and fucking gorgeous.

“Just the one brother?”

Layla nodded, and her eyes turned wistful. “I always wished I had more siblings.” She ducked her head, but not before I saw the color staining her cheeks. “Maybe that’s why I teach kindergarten...and why I want a big family.”

My mouth curled up into a gentle smile, and I put a finger under her chin to lift her head. “Nothin’ to be embarrassed about, baby. You just need the right man to keep you knocked up until you have as many kids as you want.” I winked, and she giggled, blushing even harder. Fucking adorable.

“What about you?” Her question came out so quietly that I almost couldn’t hear it.

“I haven’t always wanted a family,” I admitted honestly. “I haven’t even

been interested in a woman for a very long time.” Looking her straight in the eyes, I finished, “But the right person can change all that.”

Layla blinked up at me, her emotions playing across her face, confusion, hope, doubt... There still seemed to be a part of her that didn’t believe I could be serious about her. I mentally shrugged. She’d know for sure soon enough.

After we’d eaten every bite, I paid the check—throwing Layla a dark scowl when she insisted that we split the bill—then held her hand as we exited the restaurant.

“I’ll follow you home,” I told her as we walked up to her car.

“Oh, that’s not—”

I dropped my head to capture her lips in another deep but quick kiss, then growled, “I’m following you home, Layla. I’m going to make sure you are safe and sound so I can get a little sleep rather than stay up worrying all night.”

“Oh,” she breathed. “Okay...I wouldn’t want you to lose sleep over me.”

Too late.

I’d spent a lot of the last week plagued by dreams of her, and while I would rest a little easier knowing she was safe at home and I was in a nearby hotel, I had a feeling that I’d been tossing and turning from the blue balls that were already painning me.

It turned out that I was right. By the time morning arrived, I knew slow was no longer an option.

6

LAYLA

After my date with Roman, the last thing I wanted to do this morning was clean out my classroom. But it had to be done before the end of the day, so I'd dragged myself out of bed and headed over to the school bright and early. What I'd really wanted to do was stay cuddled under my blanket, dreaming about how the night would've gone if Roman had come inside with me instead of just dropping me off at my doorstep. I'd been a little cranky as I got to work...until my sexy biker showed up.

My eyes widened when there was a brief knock on my door before Roman strode into my classroom. Then my gaze dropped to the box of donuts he carried, and I licked my lips. "You brought breakfast?"

"And caffeine." He lifted his other hand to show me a drink carrier with two to-go cups from my favorite coffee place.

I beamed a smile at him as he strode toward me. "You know how you mentioned that you wanted to impress me with our first date last night?"

"Yeah, but you ruined that plan 'cause you wanted pizza," he teased, winking at me to soften the words. "So I figured I'd up my game by bringing you coffee and donuts."

"Well, you didn't have to make up for it because last night was awesome, but this is so sweet of you."

Setting the donuts down on the desk, he handed me one of the to-go cups. "Not sure anyone has ever called me sweet before."

"Oops." I felt a blush fill my cheeks as I stared up at him. "I guess that's not a term used for bikers very often?"

"Nah, but I like the sound of it on your perfect lips."

The heat in my cheeks intensified, but from passion instead of embarrassment. The compliments he gave me were such a turn-on. “Good, because it’s the perfect word to describe your thoughtfulness.”

“How about I add to it by giving you a hand with all the shit you gotta do around here?” he suggested with a grin.

I blinked up at him with wide eyes. “Do you have time to help?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely, gorgeous.” He flipped open the box of donuts and pushed them closer to me so that I had the first pick. “But I have purely selfish motives.”

“You do?” I mumbled around my donut.

“Yup,” he confirmed. “The sooner you’re done, the sooner we can head out. And this time, I’m gonna do a fuck of a lot better than pizza for dinner.”

I loved that he wanted to help me so we could go out on a second date. “Sounds like a great plan to me.”

After eating donuts—two for me and six for him—we packed up my classroom in a little over an hour, much faster than any of the other teachers. Then Roman carried all the boxes coming home with me to my car. Once they were loaded into the trunk, he murmured, “Gonna follow you back to your place so we can head out from there.”

“Works for me,” I agreed, looking forward to whatever he had planned for the rest of the day. And hoping that I wasn’t assuming too much since he’d mentioned dinner even though it was early in the day.

My panties practically melted when I heard the rumble of his engine as he started his bike and pulled out of the parking lot behind me. He stuck close all the way to my apartment, and I was doubly glad for his help because he insisted on carrying everything inside while I changed for our second date.

“You’re sure this is okay for wherever we’re going?” I asked, glancing down at my jeans, long-sleeved purple T-shirt, and black suede ankle boots with adorable lace ruffles at the top.

“It’s perfect,” he reassured me, his eyes heating as they raked down the length of my body. “You look so damn beautiful, I’m probably gonna have to growl at every guy in the place so they don’t stare too long.”

I rolled my eyes with a snort. “Yeah, right. Stuff like that literally never happens to me.”

Roman moved close and trailed his fingers along my collarbone, sending a shiver down my spine. “It does, gorgeous. I caught sight of you in that parking lot, and I hauled ass to get to you before some other guy beat me to

the punch.”

I swallowed down the lump in my throat and croaked, “But you’re the only one who sees me like that.”

“Wouldn’t trade my bike for anything before I met you, but I’d put it up in a bet that you’re wrong without thinking twice.” His hand moved higher, and he traced my bottom lip with his thumb. “But I’m grateful as fuck that I’m the only man you ever noticed checking you out. It means I don’t have to put some other guy down to steal you away from him.”

I sucked in a quick breath at the sincerity shining from his hazel orbs. “How about I just take your word for it instead? Your bike is too awesome to risk losing.”

“Glad you think so, baby.” He laced his fingers through mine to tug me toward the door. “Because I’m putting you on the back of it.”

My eyes widened at that information. “You’re going to have to show me what to do. I’ve never ridden on a motorcycle before.”

“I have a hunch I’m gonna enjoy the fuck out of teaching my little teacher.” He waited until I locked the door behind us to add, “But I have to warn you...I’m not used to riding with someone behind me. You’re going to be the first woman on my bike.”

I loved that he hadn’t taken anyone else for a ride before. Maybe it didn’t mean anything, but I hoped it was because putting a woman on the back of their motorcycle meant something to bikers. That I was someone special to Roman.

“Then I guess we’ll figure it out together.”

“We will.” He gave my hand a squeeze. “And you don’t have to worry about being safe with me. I’ve been riding for years and would never do anything to put you at risk.”

“I trust you.”

Although we’d first met a week ago, we’d really only known each other for a day, but I was surprised to find that it didn’t make the words any less true. Roman was a big, muscular biker, but he’d been nothing but gentle and kind with me. Which was the only reason I didn’t completely freak out when so much time passed without us stopping. I was too busy enjoying being wrapped around Roman to notice where he’d taken me when he finally pulled into a parking lot behind a bar.

My legs were shaky as he helped me climb off the back of the bike. When he tugged the helmet off my head, I beamed a smile at him. “Thanks! That

was so much fun.”

“Glad you enjoyed the ride, gorgeous.”

Turning my head, I blinked up at the sign above the back entrance to the bar. “Liquid Silver. I’ve never heard of this place, but it’s a cool name.”

“Didn’t expect you to be familiar with it when it’s in a different state and we mostly get locals who are connected to the Silver Saints as customers.”

My eyes widened in shock. I had kind of assumed we rode for so long because he knew I didn’t want it to end too quickly. It was hard to believe I’d been so wrapped up in him that I hadn’t even noticed when we crossed the state line. Then again, we’d mostly taken backroads, so it wasn’t as though we’d passed a giant sign like they had on the highway.

So many questions circled my brain, but the first one that popped out was, “You live two hours away from me?”

“Yeah,” he confirmed with a nod. “I was at your brother’s ceremony because the wives of two of my club brothers were graduating.”

I’d already figured that out for myself since it had been impossible to miss the bunch of bikers who had cheered for two of Luther’s classmates when they’d walked across the stage. But there had been so many of them that it had never crossed my mind that Roman and his friends weren’t from the same area as me.

“Will you be okay driving all the way to my place and back again after dinner? It’ll be dark, and you’ll probably be tired if you’ve made the trip so many times in only a couple of days.”

“I feel so at home on my motorcycle that I could ride it for much longer than that, day or night, without any trouble at all,” he assured me with a grin as he put both helmets into his saddlebag. “But I’ve only done the ride twice in as many days since I stayed at a hotel near your place last night. And I wasn’t planning on making the drive tonight. I want you to stay with me.”

My eyes widened as I echoed, “Stay with you?”

“Yeah, but I’ll take you back after dinner if that’s what you want.”

Oddly enough, it wasn’t. But that didn’t mean I was prepared to spend the night with him. “I don’t have any of my stuff with me.”

“I can get anything you need.” He jerked his chin toward a set of stairs that led to a door on the second story of the building. “And you’re more than welcome to wear whatever of mine you’d like. My place is upstairs since I manage the bar. All you have to do is say yes, gorgeous. I’ll take care of everything else.”

My breath was stuck in my throat as I waited for her answer. I honestly wasn't sure I could follow through with my promise to take her home if she said no.

To my utter relief, she smiled shyly and nodded. "Okay. I'll stay tonight." *You'll stay forever.* I decided not to say that out loud yet.

I laced our fingers together and guided her to the back door of the bar. When you walked inside, you could go down the hall, past the bathrooms and the entrance to the kitchen, and you'd find yourself in the bar. However, before that, there was a door on the left that led to my office and one on the right that opened to an indoor staircase that also led up to my apartment.

Someone called out my name just as I opened the door to the stairs. I sighed and turned back to see Ireland hurrying toward me. The purple-haired rocker chick was the old lady of another brother, Breaker. Her hand played at Liquid Silver frequently, and she helped me out by playing bartender from time to time when I was in a pinch. Breaker was never far from her, and I spotted him leaning against the wall at the opposite end of the corridor, watching his woman.

"Hold up, Rom," she huffed as she hurried...more like waddled, down the hallway. "I can barely freaking walk with the giant babies you bikers put in your old ladies."

I chuckled. "Hey, Ireland. What's up?"

She rubbed her swollen belly and started to say something, until she noticed that I was with someone. Her eyes rounded, then bounced back and forth between me and Layla a few times before she grinned.

“Don’t worry. It’s not his,” she said, and I glanced down to see Layla watching her with a shocked, wary expression. At Ireland’s reassurance, Layla’s tension eased.

“Damn straight,” Breaker growled as he stomped up behind his woman.

I rolled my eyes. “Layla, this is Ireland and her old man, Breaker.” I tucked her into my side and looked back at my friends. “This is my woman, Layla.”

Breaker raised an eyebrow, and I nodded, then he lifted his chin in a silent “congrats” sort of way.

Ireland grinned and took a step toward my girl, but I sighed loudly, causing her to halt and throw me an exasperated look. “Janine is out sick,” she informed me, referring to the drummer in her band. “But I called in a favor, and Midnight Run is going to take our place this weekend.”

My jaw practically hit the floor. Midnight Run was a multiplatinum group of rockers who were currently touring with Stone Butterfly, the hottest rock band in the world. “Midnight fucking Run, Ireland? You serious?”

“Yep. They happened to be stopping in town to visit Nixon’s sister.” Nixon was the band’s drummer.

“How the fuck...?”

Ireland smirked. “I know people, bro.”

Breaker snickered.

Ireland tossed him a disgruntled frown. “Okay, I know the best friend of the lead singer’s girlfriend.”

“Wow.” Layla stared at my friend with the same shock and awe I was sure showed on my face.

“Damn, Ireland.”

Ireland grinned and winked at me. “I would ask if I’m the best ever”—she glanced at Layla—“but I have a feeling I’ll always be at least number two from now on.”

She wasn’t wrong.

“Baby, you said five minutes to talk to Rom. It’s been six,” Breaker grunted as he curled his arm around her. “You need to get off your feet.”

Ireland pressed her lips together in a half-annoyed, half-amused expression. “Almost done, babe,” she responded sweetly. “Also”—she looked at me again—“you’re out of silver tequila. I put in an order for the same amount as last time since I wasn’t sure what else to do.”

I frowned. “Why didn’t Deeanna do it?” Deeanna was my assistant

manager. She was married to one of our prospects and had been working at Liquid Silver as a bartender. When I took over, I promoted her. She was a hard worker, reliable, and trustworthy. So I was surprised to hear that she wasn't around to help. Breaker was probably going to kick my ass for making Ireland work in her condition.

"Janine gave her the same flu," Ireland admitted with a grimace. "She was here and determined to stay, but I was afraid she'd pass out or end up in the hospital, so I called her man and had him force her to go home."

"Fucking hell," I muttered. I'd just brought Layla home, and I was going to have to basically ditch her in my apartment while I worked. *Fuck.*

"Relax, Rom," Breaker chimed in. "Erin is filling in at the bar. Scout and Cat are handling the management shit. All good. Go be with your woman."

"Thanks," I said to them both...meaning it a little more to Ireland because...Midnight Run. *Damn.*

After they left, I finally took Layla up to my apartment above the bar. It was a decent size, with two bedrooms and two bathrooms—soundproofed to preserve the occupant's sanity—but I'd start looking for a new place tomorrow. I didn't want my pregnant wife living above a bar. And I intended to get my ring on Layla's finger and my baby in her belly as soon as possible.

I gave her a quick tour—there wasn't much to see since I'd been living at the clubhouse until six months ago—then got her settled on a couch in the living room with a blanket and the TV remote. "I'm going to grab us some dinner from the kitchen. Put on whatever you want."

As I moved to the door, I glanced back and saw her looking around curiously. "You can snoop all you want, gorgeous. Unless it's club business, I have no secrets from you."

Her answering smile was soft and sweet, making me want to taste her mouth. So I got my ass outta there before I skipped dinner in favor of the bed. I needed to feed my girl so she had plenty of energy for the rest of the night.

I returned with burgers, fries, and a salad for each of us, and we ate while we watched a sitcom that caused Layla to burst into laughter frequently. The sound sent pleasure streaking through me, straight to my painfully hard dick. I would have been surprised at my body's reaction to her laughter, but I'd quickly learned that everything she did and said turned me on.

Luckily, the show had distracted me just enough so I didn't obsess over the little sounds of delight she made. And my jealousy of her fork as it slid in and out of her mouth. I barely held on long enough for her to finish her meal.

Once I'd discarded all of the trash and taken care of the dishes, I returned to the couch and dropped down on one end. Layla was curled up in the middle and I wrapped my arm around her, hauling her over so her side was plastered against mine.

Her head fell back, and I gazed down into her dark-brown pools. They were bright with a happy glow, but desire also burned in them. Seeing her need turned the rest of my control to ash. I picked up the remote from the coffee table and shut off the television before grasping Layla's hips and shifting her over to straddle my lap.

I cradled her face in my palms, and my eyes roamed over her features. "Know you don't quite believe me yet, but you are, without a doubt, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I want you to know that about yourself, but I also like that you don't notice the way other men look at you."

Layla's skin flushed, and she licked her lips, making me groan in anticipation of tasting them again. "Could you...um...would you show me?"

My brow furrowed, not quite sure what she was asking. "Show you the men who are drooling after you?" *Not a fucking chance in hell.*

"No, um..." Her gaze dropped to my chest, and her face heated even more. "Show me how beautiful you think I am?"

A wicked grin spread across my face. *That I will abso-fucking-lutely do.* "You asking me to fuck you, baby?"

I loved how adorably shy my question made her. But the flare of hunger in her chocolate orbs when her eyes lifted to meet mine again convinced me she was ready for more.

"Yes," she breathed.

8

ROM

“Hold on, gorgeous.” My hands moved to her ass, and holding her firmly against me, I waited until she locked her arms around my neck before surging to my feet. The door to my bedroom was across from us, and I ate up the space in a few long strides.

When I reached the side of the bed, I urged her legs to drop from around me and then slid her body down mine as I set her on her feet. “Feel what you do to me, gorgeous?” I rasped. “Gonna explode if I don’t get inside you soon.”

Layla grabbed the sides of my cut and yanked me toward her as she went up onto her tiptoes to press her mouth to mine. I let her lead for a minute, wanting to build her confidence, and I was pleased when she grew bolder.

“I need you,” she panted, releasing my vest and sliding her arms around my neck to bury them in my hair.

“All yours, baby,” I told her before I picked her up again and set her down on the mattress. “As hot as you look in this outfit and those cute as hell shoes, I need you naked.”

Layla hummed in agreement, and her gaze raked down my body. “Turnabout is fair play, so you should get naked too.”

“Don’t worry, gorgeous. We’re gonna spend plenty of time together without our clothes on.” I winked and smiled at her little giggle as I bent over and reached for the hem of her shirt.

I licked my lips as I pushed the top up, revealing her ample tits encased in black lace and nearly spilling out of the cups of her bra. Once her shirt was off, I palmed her breasts, giving them a gentle squeeze before gliding my

hands down her sides. My fingers dipped into her jeans, and I yanked hard enough to pop the snap, then quickly dragged them off and tossed them away.

“Damn,” I breathed as my eyes soaked up the goddess laid out before me. Her skin was pink, flushed with a mix of desire and nervousness. “This is sexy as fuck,” I told her as I traced the pattern of the lace on one breast. Layla shivered, and I grinned wickedly. “But it’s gotta go.”

She arched her back so I could access the clasp to her bra, and I rewarded her with a sensuous kiss while I removed it.

Her breathy moan went straight to my dick, and I winced when the rough fabric of my jeans rubbed the sensitive head. My plan had been to stay clothed until she was ready for me to take her, but I was worried that my cock would get scratched and cut by the denim and zipper. *Going commando was stupid, Cross. Damn fucking stupid.*

Releasing her lips, I inhaled raggedly, then stood and dropped my gaze to her pussy. Her tiny lace panties were plastered to her folds, soaked with her pleasure. My mouth watered at the thought of tasting her sweet nectar, and I lost my composure for a second, grasping the fabric and tearing it away.

Layla gasped and tried to close her legs, but I growled and pressed them open. “Do not hide from me, Layla,” I commanded. “This pretty little pussy is mine.” I drew a finger through her wetness and grunted, “You’re fucking soaked for me, aren’t you, baby?” Then I brought it to my mouth, groaning when I sucked the digit clean.

Dropping to my knees, I dragged her to the edge so her legs hung off. I breathed in the sweet scent of her arousal, and come dripped from the swollen head of my cock. My tongue tingled in anticipation, but just as I prepared to dive in, a thought caused me to pause and look up.

“Layla? Are you a virgin, baby?” Nothing would make me love Layla any less, but the possessive, obsessed part of me craved for her to say yes. I wanted to be the only one who ever tasted her sweet mouth, drank from her womanly nectar, and made her scream as she exploded on my cock.

“Um—” Her cheeks bloomed crimson, and she averted her eyes, so I nipped the tender flesh on her inner thigh to bring her gaze back to mine. “Yes.”

Her answer came out in a whisper, but it caused a roaring in my head when the remaining blood in my brain drained to my groin.

“Fuck,” I rasped. “Mine. All fucking mine.”

I didn’t wait for a response. I leaned in and licked my girl’s juicy pussy

until she cried out, begging for completion. “What do you want, gorgeous?” I murmured as I feasted.

“I don’t—oh, Roman! Yes!”

“Tell me.”

“I-I can’t...don’t stop, oh yessss. No!” she wailed when I pulled back. “I don’t know!”

“Want my tongue in your pussy, baby?”

“Yes,” she moaned, and I fucked her channel a few times with my stiffened tongue.

“My fingers?”

“Yes, please, Roman!”

I pushed one digit into the snug hole and groaned when she clenched around it. “Fuck. Your greedy little pussy doesn’t want to let me go. Gonna squeeze the fuck out of my fat cock, gorgeous. Need you to come, baby. I’m a big guy, and I don’t want to hurt you.”

The filthy words falling from my lips drove her wild, and she screamed as an orgasm slammed into her. Come spurted from my dick, but I ignored it, focused on fitting another finger inside her. I fucked her with them, curling up to scrape over her G-spot, sending her soaring again, softening enough for me to slip in a third.

With my fingers stretching her, I lavished attention on her sensitive bud, catapulting her into a third climax. This time, I got what I wanted, so I yanked my hand away and covered her sex with my mouth to drink up the liquid spraying from her pussy.

When she finished, I wiped my face on her thigh and grinned as I stood. Layla looked shell-shocked and worried. “What...um...I’m sorry, I don’t know what...” She covered her face with her hands and groaned, trying to close her legs, but I remained standing between them.

“Layla, look at me, gorgeous.”

She peeked through her fingers, and I chuckled, leaning over to capture her wrists and drag her hands away.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, baby. You gave me exactly what I wanted.”

“Really?” she whispered.

I nodded and hastily undressed. “I’ve never tasted anything more delicious,” I told her when I was finally naked and climbing onto the bed.

Her eyes were locked on my massive cock with hesitation swirling in

their chocolate depths. “Relax, baby. I’m big, but you were made for me. I primed your tight little pussy, and I’ll go slow.”

She moved to the center of the bed at my urging, and I pushed her legs wide, crawling between them and hovering over her on my hands and knees.

“Layla.” I waited until our gazes locked before placing one of my hands on her throat, gently collaring it. “You need to understand. There is no going back from this.” *There’s no going back at all.* “You’re mine. Gonna pop your virgin cherry and claim this sexy pussy. No going back, do you understand?”

Layla had crossed her arms over her tits, but when she nodded in acknowledgment, she blushed and boldly put her hands at her sides.

“Good girl,” I praised, kissing the stiff peak of each globe. My mouth wrapped around one, and I sucked hard, causing her to cry out and arch her back. “I love how responsive you are,” I rasped before giving the opposite tip the same attention.

While I loved on her tits, I lowered myself and lined up my dick with her slick pussy. When she felt the tip teasing the slick opening, she tensed. “Relax,” I crooned before taking her mouth in a deep, hot kiss.

Slowly, I worked my cock inside her, a little at a time, frequently stopping to let her muscles stretch to accommodate my size. I’d lectured myself about going slow, but something primal roared to life when I hit the proof of her virginity. My hips snapped forward, popping her cherry and filling her in one swift movement.

Ecstasy crashed around me, and my dick exploded, shooting hot come into her womb. Somehow, I managed to stay still, to focus on Layla and wipe away the tears leaking from her pretty eyes. “So sorry, baby,” I said softly. “Hate that I caused you pain.”

“I’m okay,” she assured me in a wobbly voice. After a few seconds, her inner muscles suddenly clenched, and we moaned in unison.

Even after filling her with a fuck ton of jizz, I was still hard and pulsing with need. When she experimentally tightened again, I saw stars. “Fuck, baby. Tell me I can move,” I begged in a gritty voice.

“I’m going to die if you don’t,” she whimpered, shifting restlessly beneath me.

“Fucking perfect,” I murmured as I pulled back and thrust deep again.

“Yes!” she cried out, wrapping her arms and legs around me.

I glanced down when I retreated again, and fire blazed through me when I spotted the tinge of red in our mixed essences. My mind emptied of

everything except claiming my woman. Fucking her until she was bred, taking her so hard that she would feel me every time she moved for the next few days, and then doing it again when the feeling started to fade.

A spark of sanity was left, and I might have worried I was being too rough if she hadn't been digging her nails into my back and bucking her hips up to meet me every time I slammed inside her.

"Doing so good, baby," I grunted. "Taking my big cock just like you were meant to. Fuck! Oh fuck, Layla! Squeeze that pussy. Fuck, yes!"

The bed squeaked in protest as I pounded my shaft into her over and over, and the headboard banged against the wall. But I could barely hear it over Layla's screams of ecstasy.

"Oh! Oh! Yes! Harder! Yes!"

I curled my fingers around her wide hips and tilted her to just the right angle so I hit her clit and her G-spot. Two more thrusts, and she splintered apart, screaming my name and gushing around my cock.

My fingers tightened, and while I was pretty sure I left bruises on her delicate skin, I couldn't loosen my grip. "Are you on birth control, baby?" I ground out through gritted teeth. I needed the answer, but holding back was taking monumental effort.

"What?" She was still in the throes of her orgasm, so I asked again, a little firmer this time.

"Birth...um...no." Her answer pushed away some of the fog, and she stared at me with wide eyes.

"Good," I grunted.

I held her still as I impaled her three more times, then planted myself as deep as possible and bellowed as my climax hit me like a fucking freight train. Hot jets of semen spurted from my shaft, coating her unprotected womb and setting off another climax in Layla.

She didn't bring up the subject again that night, and I fucked her bare twice more before the morning, so I figured the orgasms had distracted her. We'd talk about it eventually, but hopefully, when she already had my baby in her sexy belly.

9

LAYLA

I'd never been one to sleep late—which was a good thing, considering how early school started—but the sun already shone through the slits in the blinds when my eyes blinked open. Between the long ride to Roman's place and everything we'd done in this bed last night, I was more than ready to drift back off to sleep. But the buzzing sound that had woken me happened again, and Roman unwrapped himself from me to twist toward the table on his side of the bed.

“What?” he grunted.

I turned over, cuddling into his pillow while I blinked up at him sleepily. Roman didn't look happy about whatever the person on the other end of the call said. Then he bit out, “I'll be there, but give me a little bit. Layla's with me.”

His casual use of my name blew my mind. Especially since his caller must've recognized it since he ended the call right after that without them asking who I was.

“Fuck,” he grumbled, setting his phone on the bedside table before rolling toward me and snaking his arm underneath my back. “Are you good with grabbing breakfast at the clubhouse? The prez wants me to come in to talk to him about something important.”

I was curious about his club, but also a little nervous about going there since I had no idea what to expect. Plus, there was another issue. “I don't have any extra clothes with me, remember?”

“You'll be sexy as hell wearing your jeans with one of my shirts.” He traced the underside of my breast, and my nipple puckered. “Even more so

when we come back and you're just in my shirt, hiked up so it isn't covering these perfect tits of yours while I fuck you."

His dirty talk got to me just as much as it had last night, making my inner walls clench. The sexy picture he painted with his words also had me quickly agreeing. "Pick one out for me."

"Sure thing, gorgeous." He captured my mouth in a deep kiss that had me melting into the mattress in a puddle of need before he pulled away to climb out of bed.

I was still blinking away the sensual fog when he returned, fully dressed and holding a chambray-blue button-down shirt. Holding it out, he asked, "Will this work?"

I nodded. "Uh-huh."

"The last thing I want to do on our first morning together is rush you outta bed, but we need to get going." Bending low, he brushed his lips against mine. "But I promise to make it up to you later."

"Wow," I breathed as I watched him walk out of the bedroom. Shaking my head, I climbed off the mattress and searched for my panties, bra, jeans, and socks. Then I padded into his bathroom to get cleaned up before tugging on my clothes.

His shirt was too big for me, but that wasn't a surprise, considering our size differences. But I thought it wasn't too bad when I left the bottom two buttons undone and tied the ends together.

Judging by the heated look in Roman's eyes when I walked into the living room, I looked better than I realized.

"Whatever Mac needs better be important." He wrapped his long fingers around my wrist and tugged me against his chest. "You have no idea how hard it is not to carry you back into my bedroom right now."

Tilting my head back to smile up at him, I murmured, "Luckily, I don't have anywhere to be anytime soon, so we can do that when you finish your meeting."

"Damn straight."

He led me down the stairs and helped me onto his motorcycle. After we put on our helmets, I wrapped my arms around his body, pressing my chest against his back. Being so close to him with his bike vibrating between my legs left me incredibly turned on when we drove through the gates of his MC's compound. The guy at the gate looked surprised to see me behind Roman, confirming what he'd said about me being the first woman he'd put

there.

I beamed a smile at Roman after he parked and helped me off again. “Thanks.”

“Any time, gorgeous.”

We walked into the clubhouse hand-in-hand, and I paused just inside to take in my surroundings. The bar lining one wall seemed like something that belonged in a place bikers called home, but the women lined up at the gleaming wood surface seemed a little out of place. They were all beautiful but dressed to fit in at boring places—like the mall or a family restaurant. Except for the leather vests they wore that were a smaller version of the one on Roman’s back.

A few of them were visibly pregnant...and they were all grinning at me.

Roman shrugged from his leather vest and slipped my arms through the too-large holes, making most women giggle. Glancing at them over his shoulder, he sighed and shook his head. Then he pulled me in for a quick kiss and muttered, “Need you to wear this while we’re here.”

“But why?” I asked, my brows drawing together as I jerked my chin toward the other women. “They’re the only ones out here.”

“Never know who’s gonna show up, and I’m not gonna run the risk of you walking around in here without my mark on you.”

His explanation didn’t make a lick of sense, but he seemed to think it was sufficient because he turned and strode away.

“Who do you think is going to hit on her, Rom?” one of the women asked.

“Not a single soul with her in my cut,” he tossed back.

“I’m so confused,” I mumbled, shaking my head.

“Don’t worry. We’re well-versed in translating alpha biker speak,” a blonde who looked to be about the same age as my brother said.

The woman sitting next to her with golden-brown hair nodded and waved me toward them. “Yeah, you can consider us the welcome committee.”

The blonde bumped her elbow against her arm. “It’s only fair that we get to give you all the inside information on Roman since we’re the reason you two met.”

I remembered what he’d said about why he’d been in my hometown a week ago and realized the two women looked familiar because I’d seen them walk across the same stage as Luther. “Congratulations on your graduation.”

“Thanks.” The brunette beamed a smile at me as I walked toward them.

“I’m Lorelei, and this is my bestie, Karina.”

Another blonde who looked a lot like Karina added, “And I’m Kiara, her bestie’s half sister.”

Oakley, Alyssa, and Wendy rattled off their names, too.

“Nice to meet you all. I’m Layla.”

Wendy giggled. “Yeah, we know.”

I tilted my head to the side. “If you’re going to give me all the inside information, maybe you can explain how nobody seems surprised that I’m with Roman.”

“Aw, she calls him Roman.” Lorelei clapped.

“Yeah, but that totally makes sense.” Karina shrugged. “I’m with Cash but never call him Cassius, and Lorelei is with Benji, who always goes by Grey. But Roman is a super cool name, even though Rom doesn’t use it with anyone but you.”

“Aiden likes for me to use his real name, too,” Wendy said.

Oakley nodded. “Same with Kendrick.”

“And Garrison,” Alyssa added.

Feeling a little overwhelmed, I confessed, “I have to admit, this isn’t going at all how I expected when Roman told me we were coming to the Silver Saints clubhouse.”

“Yeah, our guys are good at defying expectations all around.” Oakley laughed while raising her hand and started ticking off her fingers. “There are no club bunnies. You’ll never have to worry about cheating because all the men are dedicated to their old ladies. Although they’re technically not one hundred percent on the up and up in the legal sense, the lines they cross are limited compared to other clubs. They’d never be involved in something that would hurt women, children, or other innocents.”

“Um...that’s good to know.”

“Stop, you’re going to scare her off,” Wendy chided, shaking her head. “Don’t mind Oakley. She wants to be a lawyer, so her mind goes to all that legal stuff.”

A lawyer and a biker sounded like an odd pairing, same as Roman and me since I was a kindergarten teacher. I already felt more comfortable than expected and felt I had a lot in common with the other women. “I’m not scared. I just really appreciate how welcoming you’re all being.”

“That’s something else that’s special about the Silver Saints—we’re family.” Alyssa bumped her shoulder against Wendy’s. “And not just

because a couple of the guys have claimed a member's sister for their own.”

Their teasing made me giggle. “It sounds as though there's a heck of a story there.”

Lorelei let out a low whistle. “Girl, you have no idea.”

And then they filled me in on how some of the couples had met. Tales of kidnapping and worse made Roman's and my story mild and downright bland, which left me feeling very lucky after what they told me.

“Prez,” I greeted Mac as I strode into his office. Our VP, Scout, stood to the left of the door, whispering with his old lady, Cat. Our enforcers, Nova, Dom, Breaker, Hack, and Patch, were sprawled out in the small seating area with a couple of couches and recliners that had been added when Mac married Bridget.

I dropped down in one of the chairs on the other side of Mac’s big wooden desk, nodding at Dax, our sergeant at arms, who sat in the chair facing me. Grey sauntered in a minute later, followed shortly by our road captain, Patriot. They stood leaning against the walls, waiting. There were a couple of murmured conversations until Scout slapped Cat’s ass as she turned to leave. “I’ll meet you and the kids at home, Kitty Cat.”

“Kids are with Dash and Brynn tonight, babe,” she replied, tossing a grin over her shoulder before disappearing down the hall.

Scout turned and stomped over to stand next to Mac, feet spread apart and arms crossed over his chest. “Let’s get this the fuck over with,” he grumbled.

Not one of us could give him bullshit about his attitude because it would make us fucking hypocrites. Instead, we got down to business.

Mac leaned back in his chair and ran a hand over his beard before considering Grey for a few seconds, then Hack. “You both watching the Devil’s Jesters?”

Both men nodded. “They’ve been laying low,” Hack muttered. “Been quiet. Too fucking quiet.”

We’d been keeping close tabs on the MC ever since they’d paid a dirty judge to throw me in jail on trumped-up drug charges. The son of a bitch

even managed to forge paperwork that said I'd signed away my right to a trial.

After my brothers made things right, freeing me and messing up their drug business, they'd sworn revenge and blood. But there hadn't been a peep from them since then. We weren't stupid, though. We knew this was the calm before the motherfucking storm.

Grey bobbed his head in agreement. "I've heard some rumblings from locals in their town, though. Hints that there are internal issues within the ranks. It's possible they're keepin' their heads down while they sort that shit out."

"Rumor is that the prez keeps a tight fist on the funds," Scout contributed. His face twisted in disgust. "I've also heard he considers himself above the rules of property patches."

I raised my brow at that information. "Sleeping with the old ladies?"

Scout scowled darkly. "Just a rumor, but I wouldn't put it past the bastard. No one respects him. They fear him. He's the lowest of the low. Hit rock bottom years ago. Now there's twenty feet of crap, then him."

Mac grunted in acknowledgment, but he didn't comment.

"What do you want us to do, Mac?" Hack asked.

The prez stroked his beard again, then leaned forward and curled his hands into fists on the desktop. "Something's brewing. I can feel it. I don't want to be blindsided by their bullshit." He turned to Breaker. "Put people on their compound and both businesses. Talk to Bear and use prospects if you need to. I want eyes on them at all times."

"Done," both Hack and Grey said at the same time. Then they stood and started talking a tech language none of us understood as they walked out.

Mac's eyes moved to Patriot. "We'll tighten security on the compound. You'll be the first to hear."

Patriot's woman, Erin, had a sister who was the old lady of a Devil's Jester. He'd basically stolen her away from them, which had escalated the animosity between our clubs. Not that a single one of us would change anything. The second Patriot decided to claim Erin, she became family.

They'd been pretty pissed, then add in their hand in having me thrown in jail, only to lose the judge in their pocket...it wasn't a stretch to assume that they'd go after Erin.

Patriot nodded, his lips pressed into a straight line and his eyes spitting fire. He took a slow breath and changed the subject. "We need to talk about

the next two runs this week,” Patriot muttered.

“Two?” Dom asked.

“Yeah. Got the shipment going to New Orleans. Now there’s another situation. Dash was approached at a cleanup—an unofficial job.”

Well shit. Dash owned a company that cleaned up messes. But not typical ones. His people worked mostly on crime scenes. And he and a few other employees cleaned up after the Silver Saints when we had to...mete out our own brand of justice.

“Before you lose your shit, Dash had Grey look into the kid, and he’s legit. He was sent by Sheriff Bartley. He—well, his sister—needs our help, and his contact with us had to remain secret.”

Mac leaned back in his chair. “I’m listening.” Sheriff Bartley was Alyssa’s father. He didn’t condone our activities, but he’d looked the other way a time or two. However, he was aware of our reputation for protecting those who needed it, especially women and children. If he sent someone our way, he had a good fucking reason for it.

“The kid’s sister was dating a guy who ended up being part of a human trafficking ring. She found out, and his bosses told him she had to be killed or sold. She got out and ran to her brother. He’s hiding her, but the boyfriend and his boss put people on him, so he has no way to get her out.”

“Shit,” Patch murmured. “I’d better go with you and make sure the motherfuckers didn’t hurt her.”

Patriot’s brow furrowed, and he shook his head. “Willa is about to pop, and if you’re not here when she gives birth, she *and* my woman will try to kick my ass.”

There was a chuckle at the door, and I glanced over to see Phantom sauntering into the room. “I’d pay money to see that show. Ten bucks says your old lady has her claws so deep in you that you let her win.”

Patriot rolled his eyes. “Of course I’ll let her win, asshole. If you had a woman digging her claws into you, you’d let her win too, before dragging her off to bed so she can dig them in a little deeper.”

I snickered, and Phantom shrugged as he settled himself against the wall. “If you say so.”

“What about Blade?” Nova asked.

“The Iron Rogue’s doctor?” Mac looked thoughtful as he leaned his chair back.

“You gonna be the one to tell Grey?” Phantom asked Nova dryly.

The Iron Rogues were an MC in Layla's hometown. We had an understanding of sorts. Lee was married to their vice president's sister. And he just happened to be Grey's brother-in-law. While things were mostly smoothed over, Grey was still smarting over the fact that Maverick had snatched his old lady not long ago because of a misunderstanding.

"Nope." Nova jerked his chin in Mac's direction. "That's his job."

"I'll call their prez. Fox is a scary motherfucker if you piss him off, but he also has a reputation for ensuring the women in and around his brothers are respected."

Patriot nodded. "I'll take Dash since the kid already knows him."

"Dax and I will go with you, too," Scout announced. "You might need us covering your asses with firepower." Scout was one of the best snipers in the world, and since they were dealing with an organization that we had no details about, it would definitely be an asset to have him watching their backs somewhere he couldn't be seen.

"Phantom, you'll handle the product run," Mac ordered. Since Patriot had recently become our road captain, Phantom had taken his spot as captain.

"Sure thing, prez."

"Now all of you get the fuck out of my office," Mac growled.

"I need a minute," I told him, and he lifted his chin in agreement. The others made a hasty exit, and I waited until we were alone to make my request.

But before I could speak, Mac grinned and folded his hands behind his head. "Need a vest?"

"Yeah."

"Ordered yours, Phantom's, and a few for other brothers a couple of weeks ago," he informed me with a smug expression. "Figured sooner or later..."

"How soon can you have it done?"

Mac stroked his beard with one hand, then picked up his phone and hit a button. Someone picked up, and he growled, "Get your sexy ass to my office, baby."

"One of the old ladies did one for Grey, but only 'cause Bonnie closed up shop for vacation. Bridget mentioned her yesterday, so she's probably back, but my wife will know more," he explained.

We had a few places where we sent out for cuts to be customized, but after several brothers had fallen fast and hard for their women, Mac had

started keeping property vests on hand. Eventually, he'd even had the names of the patches who were single already added to them. When Bonnie was available, we sent them to her shop in town to have them custom embroidered.

I could give the vest to Layla as it was, but I wanted more. I wanted to see her name on it, officially branding her as my property and letting her know that no one would ever wear it but her.

"Jared MacKenzie, don't order me around like a freaking caveman!" Bridget snapped as she marched into the room.

Mac grinned and held out his hand. "Then I'd miss seein' you all fired up."

Bridget's face softened as she went to his side, taking his hand and letting him pull her onto his lap.

Damn, I missed my woman. We needed to wrap this shit up so I could get her home and bury myself inside her tight pussy.

"Bonnie around?"

"She reopened a few days ago," Bridget answered. Then her curious eyes shifted to me before her mouth spread into a beaming smile. "For Layla? Yay!" She clapped her hands excitedly, and I chuckled. "I just met her, and I already like her! I'm so glad you're keeping her!"

Mac cleared his throat, drawing her attention again. "How long, baby?"

Bridget's freckled nose scrunched as she thought for a second. "She could probably fit you in this week. I'll give her a call."

I thanked them both, then left before things between the two of them heated up...because they always did. That thought made me smile, though. I had no doubt the chemistry between Layla and me would burn just as hot in fifteen years.

More than ready to have my woman alone, I hurried to the kitchen to find her laughing with several other old ladies. I stopped for a second to admire her beauty, especially when she looked so carefree and happy. *Damn, I love her.*

I'd fallen for Layla the moment I saw her, but saying the words, even in my head, sent a fire blazing through me. I marched over to the table and scooped my woman into my arms, ignoring her yelp of surprise. "Time to go," I growled as I stomped from the room.

"Wha—" Layla cut off when she caught the look in my eyes, and her cheeks tinged with pink. Her own chocolate pools darkened with desire, and

she whispered, "Okay."

LAYLA

Roman hurried me up the stairs to his apartment as soon as we arrived. The second the door shut behind us, he pressed my back against the hard surface and stared down at me with those beautiful amber eyes.

I had been intimidated by him when we first met since my sexy biker was almost a foot taller than me and huge. But after being in his arms, I knew I was safe. Always.

There was an intense air to him right now as he looked at me with that sexy half smile. Judging by his heated stare, I had a feeling he was about to make good on his sensual promise from earlier. And boy, was I right.

His lips crashed against mine, and my entire body lit up, craving more of him. Although I'd been a virgin only yesterday, my body already ached for more. No matter how sore I was from riding on the back of his bike...and his thick body.

I gripped the front of his vest, pulling him closer, tasting every bit of him.

Roman laughed, pulling away to press his forehead against mine. "You're starting to get greedy, gorgeous. Do you want my cock that bad?"

"Yes. Please," I breathed.

His thick hands trailed down to cup my pussy through my jeans. "Are you sure you're ready for me? I didn't go easy on you last night."

He didn't let me respond before his arms wrapped around my waist, and he lifted me swiftly like I was nothing but air, then set me gently down on the bed.

"I'm ready," I managed to get out, panting.

He smiled, kneeling in front of me and taking off my shoes. "You know, I

wasn't that great of a student, but I was always told you had to study before getting to the test. And I want to make sure I'm the teacher's pet."

"You can't seriously be talking about studying and teaching right now," I choked out, but all protest left my body when he pulled off my jeans, leaving nothing between us but the thin lace of my panties.

He laughed, leaning in so his breath tickled my thighs. "Yeah, I need to study this pussy. Make sure it's nice and ready to take my cock."

With a quick tug, my panties were off and I was bare to him, my legs spread as he leaned over, licking his lips.

"Do you know how beautiful this pussy is? And it's all mine," he growled.

I leaned up on my elbows, watching as he leaned over, swiping his tongue down the length of my folds.

"You taste so good. Already so wet for me," he murmured, adding a hooked finger to my core.

The familiar pressure filled me again, and I immediately bucked my hips forward, wanting more.

"Take it that I'm a quick study? Bet I can have you coming all over my fingers and tongue. Think that'll make me the teacher's pet?" he asked, those amber eyes locking with mine as he pushed another digit inside me.

All I could respond with was a moan as he plunged his tongue deep inside me, adding to the swirling of his fingers. His gaze stayed on me as he fucked me with his mouth and hand.

It wasn't long before my whole body lit up. The sensation started low in my belly as I felt myself building to the brink. I grabbed his hair, causing a low growl to vibrate on my aching clit. But I needed more, so I pushed my thighs closer to him, riding his face.

He groaned, adding yet another digit to my swollen pussy and circling my clit.

"I'm so close, so fucking close. Right there, Roman, right there," I screamed as my whole body shook, my orgasm overpowering my senses.

My release was so strong that it was almost as though I wasn't sitting on the bed anymore but floating over us. My legs felt like jelly as I came down, crashing my head against the pillows as I let out a deep breath.

Roman laughed, crawling up the bed. "Do I get extra credit?"

I gripped his vest and pulled his lips to mine, tasting my arousal on his lips.

I never thought I'd like that, but knowing Roman brought me the pleasure had me moaning even deeper against him.

I was more than ready for what he would give me.

But I wanted to get a little extra credit of my own first.

"Is it my turn to earn some brownie points now?" I murmured, trailing my fingers down to cup his bulge.

He chuckled. "Do you want to suck my cock, gorgeous?"

I froze, looking down instead of meeting his gaze. "Well, you might have to teach me...I've never done it before."

"There's no reason for you to be embarrassed or shy about that. I fucking love that I'm the only man who'll get to feel your lips around his cock." He pushed a messy strand of my hair behind my ears. "I'd love nothing more than to watch you suck me off while you're wearing just my shirt."

He quickly stripped out of his clothes before he undid the buttons on the shirt I was wearing. After he flicked open the clasp of my bra at my back and pulled the straps through the sleeves, he cupped my breasts while kneeling before me with his massive cock primed and ready, precome already dribbling at the tip. "So fucking perfect."

I licked my lips, getting on all fours so I was eye level with his hips.

"So do I start with my hands?" I asked, my fists so small against his massive dick as I barely wrapped my fingers around his shaft.

He moaned, pushing his hips forward. "Yeah, just like that, and then use your tongue. Lick that precome off the head like a good girl."

"Like this?" I breathed, keeping my eyes locked on his as I ran my tongue over his swollen head, moving my hands up and down his shaft at the same time.

"Yes, keep going, baby. Put my cock in your mouth and suck it like your favorite popsicle."

Slowly, I wrapped my lips around his head, sliding my tongue along the bottom. Comparing his dick to a frozen treat somehow made me less intimidated by his size.

"Fuck, Layla, you're so good at taking my cock," he moaned, his hips pushing him closer to me.

I dropped my hands, taking more of his dick in my mouth, letting it hit the back of my throat. I gagged, dribbles of spit sliding down the sides of my mouth, but I kept going, pushing him as far as he could go.

"Fuck, gorgeous," he growled, then yanked my hair, pulling my lips off

his hard length.

“Was I doing it wrong?” I asked, blinking up at him, my eyes watering from almost choking.

He shook his head before pushing me down on my back as he hovered over me. “No, I just didn’t want to waste my come in your mouth. I want it in your pretty pussy. Fill it up and make you mine.”

I didn’t know if I could come just from his words, but as soon as he entered me, I gasped, my already sensitive body close to another orgasm.

Gripping his shoulders hard, I wrapped my legs around his waist, pushing us as close as we could get together. The once immense pressure of his dick now just left pleasure, my entire body tingling as he thrust harder, and our bodies moved in sync.

I still had his shirt on and threw it off as a light sheen of sweat covered my body. Without a bra, Roman had access to my peaked nipples, taking one in his mouth as I arched my back, my body on fire.

“God, that feels so good, Roman,” I murmured.

“You gonna come on my cock baby? Show me how good it feels,” he murmured into my chest before sliding his lips back up to mine.

I kissed him with everything I had, clinging to his massive body.

I really was his, and he was mine.

And when he slipped his fingers between us, stroking my swollen clit, it was all I needed to be taken over the edge.

My entire body shook as I cried out, milking him for all I could take.

He flew over the edge with me, holding up my legs as he pushed harder. “Take my come, gorgeous. Let me fill you up until I’m dripping down your thighs.”

I held on for the ride as he thrust a few more times. Then he lay down, keeping his cock in me as he rested his head on my chest. My heart beat wildly against him, but he didn’t complain. We both just breathed together, falling asleep in the wake of our incredible orgasms.

Unfortunately, we didn’t get to rest for long. The buzzing of a phone woke us up again. Only this time, it was mine.

“Ugh,” I groaned when I saw several notifications pop up from my mom. Clicking on the first one, I opened my text conversation with her to read through her most recent messages. They all had the same theme—now that school was over, she expected me to visit more often. Family dinners, mother-daughter shopping outings, helping around their house. Basically, she

wanted me to be at her beck and call.

My life had changed so much in the past couple of days. Being with Roman, I was happier than I'd ever been, and I didn't want to give that up.

So I did something I never expected. I left my mom's texts on read status without replying.

ROM

“I don’t think I can fit anymore in the Jeep,” Layla laughed as she studied her full trunk with her hands planted on her hips.

“We can come back for more if we need to.” I slipped my arms around her waist and pulled her back against me. Although, it was unlikely since I intended to have all her shit moved to my place soon. “Let’s head back, gorgeous. I’m hungry.”

“We can stop at a drive-through.”

“They won’t have what I want,” I murmured with a wolfish smile before using her hair to pull her head back at the right angle for me to kiss her deeply.

“Oh,” she squeaked adorably when I released her lips. Her cheeks were bright red, but her pretty brown orbs kindled with desire.

Chuckling, I took her hand and led her over to the passenger seat of my SUV. The first time I walked her over to it in the bar parking lot for a date, she’d looked at it with shock. I’d laughed at her reaction, asking if she thought I only drove my motorcycle.

“I hadn’t really thought about it. I just like riding with you on your bike.” She’d blushed, and her eyes had turned molten, making me as hard as a rock. We never made it to dinner after I dragged her back upstairs.

When we decided to make the trip to her old apartment and pick up more of her stuff, she suggested we take her car. One of our prospects, Lee, had brought it back with some clothes and other necessities when he and Kansas were in their mutual hometown of Old Bridge, Tennessee, a few weeks ago.

After I’d laughed for a good minute or two, I looked down at myself, then

at her MINI. “Don’t think I’ll fit, gorgeous.”

So we’d hopped into my Jeep and made the drive, and now that I’d convinced her to bring as much shit as possible, we headed home.

My eyes strayed to the leather vest she wore and satisfaction filled me like it always did when I saw her wearing my brand. Mac had come through, and I’d had the vest for Layla a couple of days after our discussion.

A part of me had wanted to plan something elaborate and fancy since wearing my cut was as good as wearing my wedding ring when it came to the club. But I decided against it because I would be proposing with a real ring as soon as she admitted she loved me.

That night, I’d stripped her bare, then pulled out the vest and had her put it on. I’d barely given her enough time to admire it in the mirror before I bent her over the bed and fucked her while staring at my brand on her back.

Shaking off the memory before I was too hard to drive, I opened her door. Before she could climb up, I turned her toward me and grabbed the sides of her vest, dragging her up against my body. “Have I told you how fucking hot you look wearing my property patch?”

Layla giggled, making me smile. “Not in the last couple of hours.”

“That’s ’cause I can’t think about it too often. It makes me too damn hard.”

She melted into me, and I lifted her onto her tiptoes to plant a quick, hard kiss on her lips. “Let’s go, gorgeous.” I slapped her ass as I shifted her around and helped her up into her seat.

The drive only took a couple of hours, but Layla quickly fell asleep. She’d been helping me at the bar over the past four weeks, but I’d made her stop when she started napping and seemed more tired than usual.

If she didn’t start getting her energy back soon, I was going to drag her to the doctor, even if I had to do it with her kicking and screaming the whole way.

There was a birthday party at the compound tonight, so I drove to the Silver Saints clubhouse instead despite my desire to take Layla home to bed. She’d been looking forward to it, so I figured we’d go for a little while, then I would make her go home and rest.

“We’re here, gorgeous,” I murmured to my girl after parking in front of one of the bay doors to the garage owned by the club. We did normal automotive work, but our business was mostly known for our custom work on cars and bikes.

“Sorry, did I fall asleep again?” she asked sleepily as she sat up and stretched.

I opened my mouth, but she cut me off with a cute little glare. “We can argue about this tomorrow, Roman. Oh, look!” She pointed at the clubhouse entrance, where Karina and Lorelei stood and talked. “I’m going to go say hi!” She was out of the car like a shot, and I rolled my eyes at her little stall tactic. She could put it off for a bit, but I would win. When it came to her health and safety, I wouldn’t budge.

I exited the Jeep and slammed the door shut just as Cash called out to me. I lifted my chin and glanced over to check on Layla before ambling over to talk to Cash—who was clearly hovering to keep an eye on his woman.

At least we’ll look less like obsessed stalkers if we’re talking to each other, I thought with a chuckle.

Just as I walked up next to Cash, my eyes once again strayed toward my old lady.

Then my world blew the fuck up.

The sound of gunfire filled the air, and I watched in horror as a bullet missed Karina by inches, then two more shots rang out as all three women dropped to the ground. I was already running when I saw the pool of blood beneath Layla, and my heart felt like it was in a vise.

There was a flurry of activity around me as women and children were herded into the house, and my brothers secured the compound while tracking down the threat.

But I was only aware of the fact that Layla wasn’t moving. Lorelei rolled to her side, facing Layla lying on her stomach, and gently shook her shoulder, calling her name. But there was no response.

I finally reached Layla and scooped her into my arms as gently as possible while trying to be fast. Lorelei scrambled to her feet, assuring me she was unharmed, and we raced for the front door. My breath caught when I saw the blood-soaked fabric on Layla’s arm.

Then she moaned, and the oxygen whooshed from my lungs. “Ouch,” she muttered as she blinked up at me with a disgruntled expression. If I hadn’t been so terrified, I might have laughed.

“Patch is on his way to the clinic,” Scout called out as he stalked into the lounge behind us, heading down the hall to Mac’s office.

“I’m sure it’s just a scratch,” Layla sighed, grimacing when she tried to lift her arm.

“Don’t move,” I barked as I carried her through the clubhouse to a door that led into a small clinic attached to the side of the structure. It was set up to care for most situations and even had a surgical suite. Patch had demanded it be built after a few years of treating substantial wounds in one of the bedrooms.

When we entered, Amanda—Patch’s nurse and the sister of one of my club brothers—pointed at another door. “Take her into the exam room. Patch will be here in a few minutes.”

She followed us, and when I stood by the table holding my girl, she smiled gently. “You’re going to have to put her down so we can examine and treat her.”

I grunted, trying to think of a way for them to do all that with her still in my arms.

Layla patted my arm and gave me a weak smile. “It’s okay. You’ll be right by my side, Roman.”

She had no idea the effect she had on me when she said my name. It always sounded like velvet and made it difficult to tell her no. I sighed, long and loud, making it clear that I was giving in under protest.

I tenderly set her on the padded table and kissed her forehead.

“Just let me cut away her sleeve so it doesn’t get stuck from the clotting blood.” She retrieved a pair of shears from a drawer and quickly exposed Layla’s arm. Then she looked over Layla’s body to determine anywhere else she might have been injured. “Other than a few scrapes, her arm is the only place she sustained an injury.”

Thank fuck.

Patch hurried into the room, and Amanda handed him a pair of gloves before she scooted out of his way.

I took Layla’s hand but moved to the side so he had plenty of room to work. He asked her a series of questions as he examined the wound.

Finally, he stood and peeled off the latex gloves as he spoke to Layla. “The bullet went right through. It hit the fleshy part of your arm, so even though there was a lot of blood, the wound is relatively minor.”

Some of my tension eased away at the reassurance that Layla would be okay. But I was still worried.

“I want to stitch it up, but it shouldn’t take long to heal,” Patch continued. “You’ll be sore and a little stiff, but by the time we remove the stitches next week, you shouldn’t be in much pain.”

He tossed the gloves in the trash and turned to Amanda, instructing her to get everything set up so he could sew up the wounds.

“Need to talk to you for a second,” I told my brother. He nodded, and we stepped out of the room. “I want you to do a full workup on Layla. Use this shit as an excuse so she doesn’t fight me on it.”

Patch raised an eyebrow. “Worried about anything in particular?”

I shrugged. “She’s been looking a little ragged lately—tell her I said that and I’ll cut off your balls—and taking frequent naps. And I think her stomach is bothering her because she hasn’t been eating as much.”

It looked as if Patch was going to say something, but then he just nodded and returned to the room.

“I’d like to do a full physical and run some tests,” he told Layla with a reassuring smile. “Just as a precaution.”

Layla frowned. “I thought you said it was minor?”

“Only a precaution, Layla.”

She sighed. “Fine.”

“Great. I’m going to step out while you get changed.”

Amanda walked to a tall cabinet and opened it to grab a hospital gown from the top shelf. She smiled at me and cocked her head toward the door. “Why don’t you wait in the hall while I help her with this?” she suggested.

I snatched the fabric from her hands and growled, “I’ll do it.”

To her credit, she didn’t argue. Likely because she was familiar with our attitudes toward our women.

“She can leave her underwear on. Just crack the door when she’s ready.”

I nodded and waited until she left to help Layla remove her clothes and put on the gown. When I opened the door, I saw Patch standing to the side talking to Grey. I raised an eyebrow when both men turned their heads in my direction.

“Find out anything?” I asked.

Grey nodded.

“I’ll get started,” Patch told me before disappearing into the exam room. I moved to stand in front of the door where I could see everything happening while Grey stood to the side so they were out of his sight.

“Dax and Patriot caught up with the shooter. Had on a Devil’s Jesters cut.”

My hands balled into fists, and fury engulfed my body. “He’s a fucking dead man.”

Grey nodded. “Agreed. But I think he was just the one assigned to the job. Pretty sure the order came directly from their prez. Mac’s gonna interrogate the bastard for any intel while I track down the motherfuckers in charge of those assholes.”

“I need to take care of my woman,” I said through a clenched jaw. “Then I want a crack at him.”

“Figured. Dax took him to The Block.”

The Block was how we referred to the building we used to keep...*guests*. It was where we extracted information and made them disappear. It was basically a set of cells and interrogation rooms. It was like a cell block, which was how it got its name.

I jerked my chin up, and he did the same before taking his leave. I stayed in place for a few minutes, keeping an eye on my woman while I tried to calm down. I didn’t want Layla to pick up on my emotions and stress when she needed to rest.

Finally, I felt in control and walked into the room.

“She’s all set,” Patch announced. “Make sure she eats, stays hydrated, and rests.”

Amanda popped in and smiled at Layla as she handed her a scrub top. “I didn’t think you’d want to put the bloody shirt back on.”

Layla returned her smile gratefully. “Thank you.”

I helped my girl get dressed, then argued with her for a full minute about letting her walk. Ultimately, I gave in, choosing to pick my battles carefully. I had a feeling there would be quite a few until she fully recovered. No fucking way would I budge if I felt like she was jeopardizing her health.

We were at the door when I heard Patch say my name. I turned to see him stalking over to me. He stopped at my side and spoke in a low voice so that Layla wouldn’t hear him. “If she’s in pain, she can have Tylenol. Nothing else. I don’t want anything stronger in her system until I get the results of her blood work back.”

My eyes narrowed. “You suspect something is wrong?” I managed to keep the fear growing inside from making my voice tremble.

“No. Just want to be sure, that’s all.”

He seemed sincere, which calmed my nerves a bit, so I didn’t press him any further.

I led Layla up the stairs to the room I’d often used before she came to live with me. “We aren’t going home?” she asked when I ushered her inside.

“Sorry, gorgeous. You’re safest here, and I have some club shit that can’t wait.”

“Okay.” Her immediate acceptance of my explanation made me want to kiss the fuck outta her. She’d filled the role of old lady perfectly. Never making me feel guilty for the shit I couldn’t tell her or when I had to leave for a run or some other MC business.

I stalked over to a long black dresser on the wall opposite the bed and opened the top drawer. There were several clean shirts, and I pulled one out before closing it.

After helping her change and get into bed, I curled myself around her. While I held her, I explained everything that had happened in the past few months and why she’d been shot. Guilt was eating at me, but she placed her palm on my cheek and whispered, “This isn’t your fault, Roman. It’s the work of madmen. Lunatics who wouldn’t know the first thing about love and loyalty. Things that make the Silver Saints righteous, even if your methods aren’t exactly...legal.” She giggled, and I turned my head to kiss her palm.

“I’m going to have to take care of some shit soon, gorgeous. And you need rest. Sleep, baby. I’m going to hold you a little longer before I have to go.”

I wanted to stay there, to keep her in my arms until the fear abated. But the need to keep her safe dragged me away.

Cash wiped the blood off his knife before handing it to one of our prospects. He was one of Dash's employees, so he'd been tasked with "cleaning" The Block.

"He doesn't know where they're holing up," he grunted. "But he gave us all kinds of shit about the internal workings of the club." His furious eyes met mine, and he jerked his head toward the room he'd just exited. "He's all yours."

Cash's old lady, Karina—who happened to be the dirty judge's daughter—had been the real target, so I'd given him first crack at our captive. However, since my woman was hit, it was my right to kill the fucker.

Mac leaned against the wall outside the room when I came back out half an hour later. His arms were folded over his chest, one ankle crossed over the other, and his face was blank. This was one of the reasons he was so intimidating to anyone besides our MC family. He was impossible to read, his expression giving nothing away. He looked relaxed when he was perfectly alert.

But his reputation for being ruthless and lethal was a reality. Even if Bridget was around when he was with someone besides a brother, she played the docile, subservient old lady, reinforcing his image. And everyone knew he expected the same of his ranks.

Which was why we rarely had another MC challenge us. It was a death sentence.

The Devil's Jesters we're either stupid as fuck to think they could take us on, or they had a death wish.

The prospect was also waiting in the hallway and disappeared into the room, shutting the door behind him.

Mac pushed away from the wall and jerked his head toward the open room at the front of the building, where several of my brothers gathered.

“Found ’em,” he said gruffly.

Dax was handing out clean—unregistered and wiped of evidence—weapons from a small armory to the left of the hallway entrance.

“They were laying low at one of their strip clubs.”

“But the prez controls their funds, and he had to come out of hiding to take a delivery of cash and pay on some of their debts,” Scout chimed in as he tucked a handgun in a holster under his cut.

“Debts?”

Grey’s grin was dark and anything but amused when he responded. “Fucker owes people who don’t fuck around with people who don’t pay. They’ll just kill you and go after your family or anyone connected to you who can pay. We take him and the VP out, the club will probably break up and scatter.”

“The men they owe won’t go after the members?” I asked as I accepted a couple of weapons from Dax.

“Nah. The only one with access to the cash is the prez and VP. Even the treasurer was kept on a leash.”

I rolled my eyes and grunted, “Fuck of a brotherhood.”

“Not for long,” Mac growled.

Grey chuckled. “Besides, I already moved all their assets into an offshore account and sent the information to the guys they owe. Not gonna tell the patches that, though.”

“Scout, take Dax and Phantom and whoever else you need to open the clubhouse for us,” Mac ordered.

“Rom, you come with me, Patriot, Cash, Grey, and Knight. Once we’re in, other than handling any guards or anyone who gets in our way, we find the assholes in charge, take care of them, *only them*, and get out. Understood?”

Patriot grumbled a little but shut up when Mac tossed him a warning glance. I could understand why Patriot was unhappy with that order. The MC mistreated his old lady when she’d lived with her sister, who belonged to a Devil’s Jester.

“We’re cleanin’ up this fucking mess, not makin’ a new one,” Mac

barked.

Patriot reluctantly nodded.

We all dispersed and headed to our bikes, ready to have this bullshit finished.

The Devil's Jesters clubhouse was in an old five-story office building in a run-down part of their town. It looked unassuming, but it was heavily fortified.

However, once Grey took down the security system, Phantom slipped inside the back to do some recon while Scout set up on the roof of the building across the street. He couldn't see in the blacked-out windows, but he had thermal imaging goggles, and we each had a patch that Grey developed, putting off a glow in a different color so that Scout could distinguish between his brothers and the Jesters.

"Seems people are already jumping ship," Phantom murmured in our earpieces. "It's a fucking ghost town. Security is sparse. Two on the front, two on the back—strike that, none on the back, and a half dozen gathered on the top floor, in a room with a door to what I'm betting is the prez's office."

"Handle it." Mac gestured for me to move in, so I knocked on the front door. When it swung open, I kicked the person in the stomach, sending them flying backward so I could move in. I needed to be out of sight before I raised my gun and put a bullet between their eyes.

A glance to my right showed Patriot twisting the other guard's neck and dropping him on the ground.

The rest of the guys with us stepped inside, and Grey, who'd taken up the rear, shut it behind us. Phantom waited at the bottom of the stairs, and he gestured for us to follow him. His years as a spook had given him the ability to fade into the background, which made him perfect for recon. But he didn't skip the action, so when we encountered a patch coming out of a bedroom on the second floor, his arm shot out, and the guy crumpled to the floor.

On the fourth level, I caught sight of someone in my peripheral vision and waited until they lunged to turn around, shoving his shoulder so he stumbled to the side. When his back was to me, I curled my arm around his neck and snapped his head to the side. After hearing the satisfying crack, I tossed him out of the way and followed the others up to the last level.

"Wait," Scout said in our ears.

Then we heard the sound of breaking glass and several loud thumps.

"Clear," he rumbled.

At the top of the staircase, I rolled my eyes when I saw the bodies littering the ground, each sporting a small hole in their forehead. “Show-off,” I grunted.

“Making sure I haven’t lost my touch,” he corrected smugly.

“That’s not what Cat says,” Knight drawled, making a few of us chuckle.

Before Scout could reply, Mac snarled, “Shut the fuck up and focus.”

I was surprised that the sound of the glass breaking hadn't brought the prez out of the room to investigate, but I shouldn't have been. He pretended to be tough, but really, he was a scared little bitch.

A scream ripped through the quiet, coming from a closed door on the left side of the room. Cash stomped over to it, and with one kick, he splintered the wood and knocked it off its hinges.

Another scream rang out again, followed by several grunts, and Cash rolled his eyes.

Cash sighed and drawled, “Your acting needs work. Those fake screams aren’t fooling anybody. Now, stop bouncing on his tiny dick and get out.”

“What the fuck?” a deep voice roared.

Cash aimed his gun and snarled, “Now.”

Two seconds later, a naked woman came flying out of the room, and I stepped back to give her plenty of space to dart down the stairs.

Grey joined Cash and snorted as he looked into the room. “I thought you were joking about the tiny dick.” Then he shook his head. “Seriously, man. You really thought she wasn’t faking it? Dumbass.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Knight murmured. “You two want to stop gossiping about some asshole’s cock and focus on the fucking VP and prez?”

“Oh, right.” Cash jerked his chin toward the room. “Found number two.”

Patriot scowled and stomped over. “You wanna live, tell us where your president is.”

“Fuck you,” the man snapped.

“Not with that thing,” Grey snorted again. Patriot tossed an annoyed glare at Grey, but he just shrugged. “Make fun of him or kill him, you pick.”

Frustrated with the holdup, I crossed the room and shoved Patriot out of the way. Walking inside, I vaguely noted that Grey hadn’t been exaggerating but didn’t break my concentration from my goal. At the side of the bed, I raised my gun and aimed it at his stomach. “Every time I ask and you don’t give me the answer I want, gonna put a bullet in a part of your body that causes a fuck ton of pain but won’t kill you. That how you wanna die,

asshole?”

The prick pressed his lips together and glanced around, seeing that he was clearly outnumbered. “You won’t kill me if I tell you?”

“Depends on whether the information is accurate. And cover that shit up, motherfucker. I don’t need to be staring at your junk.”

“He’s in the basement panic room,” he answered as he pulled the sheet over his lap. “The boys were guarding me and making it look like the prez was in his office.”

“The panic room need a combination to open it?” Grey asked.

The VP nodded. “I don’t know it. I swear.”

Grey didn’t respond, he whipped out his phone and disappeared.

Several sets of feet stomped down the stairs while Cash and I waited, our guns trained on the VP.

After a few minutes, Patriot murmured in our ears. “Done. Their prez won’t be a problem anymore.”

“Guess you weren’t lyin’,” I muttered. “Too bad.”

The VP’s gaze turned wary. “Why?”

I shrugged and smirked. “I was.”

There were two muffled sounds of a shot from a silencer, then the VP fell backward onto the bed, the holes in his forehead dribbling with blood.

“Let’s get the fuck out of this hellhole,” I grunted. “I need to get back to my woman.”

“Was it really that small?” Scout piped up.

I rolled my eyes as I made my way to the stairs, more than ready to go home.

Patch waited for me when I rolled into a parking spot in front of the garage. I dismounted quickly and tore my helmet off my head.

“What’s wrong? Did you find something? Fuck. I can’t lose her—”

“Rom!” Patch growled, interrupting my runaway thoughts. “She’s fine. More than fine. Honestly, I already suspected what I found in her blood work.”

“Spit it out, bro,” I snarled.

He grinned, then clapped me on the shoulder, confusing me. “Congratulations, man. You knocked up your woman.”

LAYLA

Getting shot was awful, but waiting for Roman to come back to the compound afterward was even worse. I wasn't completely sure how he and the other guys planned to handle the situation, but I knew enough to admit it wasn't going to be one hundred percent on the up-and-up in the legal sense, as Oakley had put it the first time I'd been here. Luckily, a bunch of the other women kept me calm while we bided our time until our men returned, along with several Silver Saints to watch over us.

I'd been waited on hand and foot—with food and drinks brought to me before I even knew I wanted anything. I was comfortable, but all I wanted was to have Roman's arms around me. No matter how awesome everyone else was, nothing could distract me from the fact he was in danger.

Time moved slowly, but the guys finally returned. Roman pushed through the door first, and I jumped out of my seat to race across the room and throw myself into his arms. A lot of relieved wives were doing the same, but everyone else faded into the background because my entire focus was on my man.

"Careful, gorgeous." He flattened his palm against my lower back to pull me close, pressing a kiss against my forehead. "I don't want you to hurt yourself."

"I'm fine, really." Leaning my head back, I smiled up at him. "It was just a flesh wound and a few stitches."

"None of that makes me feel better." His hand slid up to wrap in the back of my hair. "Especially since Patch let me know that you've been throwing up the past couple of days. Something that you should've told me yourself so

I could take care of you.”

I wrinkled my nose with a sigh, wishing his club brother had waited for me to tell him that myself. Preferably after he'd had the chance to calm down over me being shot. “Yeah, my stomach has just been a little off lately. I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.”

His palm slid down my back and around to cover my lower belly. “No, but it is something to celebrate.”

“Celebrate?” I echoed softly, my breath catching in my throat as realization dawned. “Oh my gosh, I'm pregnant?”

Roman nodded. “Yup. Patch suspected so he confirmed it when he ran your blood work.”

It was wild to think that the only reason we'd discovered the news so soon was because I'd been freaking shot in the arm. With all the unprotected sex we'd been having, I definitely should've realized what was going on. But I'd been so wrapped up in Roman giving me a property vest and going to my apartment to grab some of my things that I'd totally missed the possibility that my nausea was due to more than just nerves.

“I'm carrying your baby,” I cried, tears welling as I thought about how different this conversation would have gone if I'd been standing a few inches to the left. “Is everything okay? Did the numbers look right?”

He used his thumbs to swipe away the tears as they streamed down my cheeks. “Yeah, gorgeous. You're perfectly pregnant. No worries there.”

I cupped my still-flat belly. “I know it's probably too soon to really see anything, but maybe I should get an ultrasound?”

“You can get one as soon as you want,” he promised. “With as often as my club brothers knock their women up, Patch put a machine in his clinic here.”

I slumped against him, wrapping my arms around his waist as I pressed my cheek against his broad chest. “Good, that makes me feel a lot better.”

“I swear you and our baby will be safe from now on,” he vowed, his amber eyes filled with determination as he tilted my head back so he could stare down at me. “Nothing bad is ever gonna touch you again.”

“I know.” Even with the twinge of pain in my arm, I trusted Roman's promise. And my new friends had explained to me that the Silver Saints compound was normally the safest place in town with all of the protection the guys put in place for their women and families. “Please don't blame yourself. What happened to me wasn't your fault. Those guys were desperate jerks,

looking for a way to hurt you just because you didn't go along with their awful plan. As though you should've been willing to spend years in jail for something you didn't do!"

"Calm down, gorgeous. Getting all worked up isn't good for you or the baby." He stroked his palm up and down my spine while I took several deep breaths. "I don't regret a single day I spent in jail waiting for my brothers to clean up the mess the Devil's Jesters created. They've been taken care of now, and in the end, the shit they pulled brought you into my life. If I had to do it all over again, I would. Without a second thought."

I knew how hard that whole ordeal had been for him, so I was blown away by what he'd just said. "I don't...I can't...that doesn't make any sense!"

"Sure it does, gorgeous." He flashed me a sexy smirk, but his amber orbs remained serious. "One thing I've learned from my club brothers as they've fallen for their old ladies is that a man will do anything for the woman he loves."

My breath caught in my throat as I blinked up at him. Being shot had been a shock. Finding out I was pregnant was another, but in the very best way. Hearing Roman use the L-word was even better. "You love me?"

"Of course I do." He brushed his lips against mine and murmured, "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, Layla Holmes. I love you so damn much."

"I love you, too."

"You better because I'm gonna spend the rest of my days building a family with you." The smile he beamed at me was filled with joy. "And I'm fucking thrilled that we've already got a head start with our first little one on the way."

"I love you. You love me. And we're going to have a baby," I whispered.

Roman didn't lower his voice at all when he yelled, "That's right, you're having my baby!"

Our Silver Saints family quickly surrounded us, everyone congratulating us on the good news.

"This calls for a celebration," Mac announced. "Time for us to put the shit with the Devil's Jesters behind us and focus on what's important. Our women and children."

As the others started to plan the impromptu party, Roman pulled me back into his arms, and my world shrank to just the two of us again. "My prez is

right. You're what matters to me, and I want to spend every day for the rest of my life with you."

"I want that so much." I shook my head with a giggle. "I guess I should've let you talk to my landlord like you wanted so I could get out of my lease early. I'll also need to notify the school about not coming back next year. We'll also have to make another trip to get the rest of my stuff. And I'll have to talk to my parents...after the bandage comes off my arm so I don't freak my mom out about anything except for the fact that I'm pregnant but not married."

"Maybe being engaged will be enough to keep her off your back." He dug in the front pocket of his jeans and pulled out a small black jewelry box. Flipping open the top with his thumb, he tugged out the ring and slid it on my finger. "I planned on doing this earlier, but then all hell broke loose."

I stared down at the diamond solitaire in awe. "Are you asking me to marry you?"

"No, gorgeous. I'm telling you that we're getting married as soon as you can plan the wedding of your dreams. I know you want to get all dressed up for the big day."

I laughed softly, loving how well he knew me after only a couple of weeks. "I do."

"You better be ready to say those words soon," he warned.

Thinking of all the details that went into a wedding, I narrowed my eyes at him. "How soon?"

"You're gonna have to put that smart brain of yours to work because you've got a month to pull it all together."

"A month?" I sputtered. "That's just not possible."

"Sure it is." He jerked his chin toward all of our friends. "You have an army of people to help."

"I suppose you're right," I begrudgingly admitted. "But be prepared to wear a tuxedo. With a tie and dress shoes."

"Anything you want, gorgeous," he promised. "Just so long as it happens in a month or less."

EPILOGUE

Layla's mom fussed over her wedding dress...yet again. Tsking about wrinkles that were invisible to anyone but her.

"Mom, it's fine," Layla grumbled. Her mom had driven her crazy before the wedding, but Phantom had stepped in and taken her to her seat, giving Layla some time to relax before she walked down the aisle. She'd looked so fucking gorgeous, and I'd never felt more content, binding my woman to me forever and knowing our baby was growing in her belly.

However, her mother's overbearing attitude made me increasingly angry through the night. I didn't want to upset Layla, though, so I'd kept my mouth shut. But I'd finally reached my limit.

"I'll take it from here, Tracey," I said as I smoothly stepped between her and my bride.

"Oh, but she needs—"

"I will take care of anything Layla needs." My voice was firm, but I tempered my expression so I didn't seem overly harsh. "I'm her husband."

"But-but I'm her mother!" she sputtered, flapping her hands like a bird.

"Thank you for always being there for her and raising such an amazing woman. But she's mine now. I let you have an extra month to plan the wedding, agreed to have it in this church in Old Bridge, and let you talk me into the groomsmen not wearing their cuts. But from now on, unless Layla comes to you with a request, I will be the one to take care of her. Now, I'm going to go dance with my bride and enjoy some damn peace and quiet."

Tracey stared at me with her mouth wide open, her husband standing at her side with his lips pressed together and his shoulders shaking while Layla

giggled.

I tucked my woman into my side and guided her out to the dance floor.

“That was kind of hot,” she said with a snicker.

I grinned. “Yeah?”

She nodded. “I love it when you get all growly and protective.”

“Is it time to leave yet?” I grumbled.

Layla laughed and snuggled deeper into me. “A little longer.”

After a couple of songs, she needed to use the bathroom, so I escorted her to the door and waited outside. Mac and Bridget walked up, and she rolled her eyes at us before going into the restroom.

“Mac.”

We both looked up as a furious Phantom stormed over to where we lounged against the wall.

“I need help.”

Mac frowned and pushed off the wall. “Whatever you need, Phantom. What’s goin’ on?”

“I saw...I met...fuck!” Phantom cursed as he ran his hands over his head. “My woman. I found her. But...there were bruises. Shit. I have to get to her.”

“We’ll handle it,” Mac assured him. “You talk to Grey or Hack already?”

Phantom nodded. “Grey’ll start searching as soon as they get back to the hotel tonight. I’m headed back now so I’m ready when he finds out anything.”

Mac nodded, but he didn’t say anything since Bridget and Layla stepped out of the bathroom. He kissed his woman’s forehead and smacked her ass. “I’ll meet you by the cake, baby.”

Bridget looked around at us, then patted Phantom on the shoulder as she passed. “Your turn, huh?”

Layla looked at me with a question in her eyes, but I just shook my head and took her hand. I’d explain later. “Let me know if I’m needed,” I said to both men before walking away with my bride.

“Have I told you how fucking gorgeous you are, wife?” I asked, my voice gruff from pushing back my desire for her.

“Not in the past five minutes.” There was a note of mock censure in her tone, and I couldn’t help laughing.

“So fucking cute,” I teased as I cupped her face between my palms. “I love you more than anything, Layla Cross.”

Her eyes turned dreamy, and she smiled up at me. “You’re my whole

world, Roman Cross. I love you.”

“Can we finally ditch this place so I can fuck my beautiful bride?” I growled.

“Yes, please.” Layla’s voice was breathless, and it went straight to my already hard shaft.

I lifted her into my arms, holding her a little lower so she hid the tent in my tux pants as I stalked to the exit.

Much later that night, we were exhausted and sated as we lay in bed, my body curled around hers and my hand resting on her slightly curved belly.

“Didn’t think it was possible for it to get any better than fucking my pregnant old lady,” I murmured. “But damn, fucking my pregnant *wife* was more amazing than I could’ve imagined.”

“Our life is more than I ever thought I’d have,” Layla said softly. “Thank you for wanting me, loving me, and giving me such an amazing family.”

“You got it ass-backward, gorgeous. I had no life before you. You and our babies are everything to me.”

EPILOGUE

LAYLA

I loved the life I'd built with Roman and the time I had been able to spend at home with our children before they were old enough to go to school. But now that our youngest was headed off to kindergarten, I was excited to teach again.

Ryan glared up at me, his little fists planted on his hips. "I wanna be with you, Mommy."

"Sorry, buddy." I crouched down so we were eye level. "The school rules are that parents can't teach their own children, remember?"

His chin jutted out. "Uh-huh, but it's no fair."

"I'm sad that I don't get to spend all day with you too, but Miss Thompson is awesome. You'll have so much fun with her," I promised.

His lip curved into a pout. "But I getta have lunch with you?"

I nodded and ruffled his hair. "Every day."

"Okay." He heaved a deep sigh and stomped over to the kitchen table to join his siblings.

Ross stopped shoveling his waffle into his mouth long enough to roll his eyes and mutter, "None of us had Mom for our kindergarten teacher, and we did fine. Stop being a baby."

"Be nice to your brother," I chided my eldest.

Lea elbowed Ross in the side. "Yeah, going to school the first time is scary."

"Scary?" Ryan echoed, his eyes widening.

"Nice going," Ross snorted. "Now you gave him something else to freak out about."

“Who’s freaking out about what?” Roman asked as he strode into the kitchen, heading straight over to me to brush his lips against mine. “Morning, gorgeous.”

“Good morning.” I jerked my chin toward the plate I’d already made for him. “There’s a waffle for you.”

“Only one?” He patted his six-pack abs. “I worked up an appetite.”

My cheeks filled with heat as I remembered exactly how he’d done that—by making me come twice in the shower this morning before he fucked me. “There’s another in the waffle iron that’s almost done.”

“Thanks, gorgeous.” He gave me another kiss before carrying his breakfast over to the table and dropping onto the chair next to Ryan. “You worried about the first day of school, little man?”

“Uh-huh,” our youngest mumbled around a mouthful of his breakfast.

Roman shook his head with a chuckle. “Glad to see it isn’t hurting your appetite.”

I often swore that both of our boys had hollow legs with how they could put away food. Not that it was a surprise since their daddy had a healthy appetite. In more ways than one as he’d aptly demonstrated at every opportunity over the nine and a half years we’d been together. Carrying his second waffle over, I teased, “Like you’re one to talk.”

“Only because you do such a good job tempting me”—he deliberately paused to tilt his head back and wink at me—“with all of the delicious food you make.”

“Don’t forget that it’s your turn to show off your cooking skills tonight,” I reminded him.

He gave me a light swat on the butt. “As if I’d ever forget something I promised you.”

Lea bounced on her seat. “Ooh, can you make burgers on the grill pretty please?”

“No, I want steak,” Ross argued.

“Pizza!” Ryan screeched. “With pineapple and ham.”

“Sorry, guys. It’s Mom’s choice for dinner tonight since this is a big day for her.” He patted Ryan on the shoulder while giving me the side-eye for having corrupted his taste in pizza toppings. “And you already got to pick breakfast since it’s your special day too.”

“It isn’t burgers, steak, or pizza, but I still think you’ll all be happy with my choice.” Four pairs of hazel eyes stared at me until I added, “I want your

dad to make his spaghetti and meatballs tonight.”

“Yay!” our children cheered.

“Hurry up and finish your breakfast so Dad can drop us all off at school.”

Roman still managed Liquid Silver for the club, so his mornings and early afternoons tended to be free. We normally traded off school drop-off and pickup duty, but the plan was for me to take it over from now on since I had to head there for work anyway. Except for today since my husband had put his foot down and insisted on taking us all this morning.

I wandered back to the counter and made sure everyone’s lunches were packed, including mine. Then I slid my feet into a pair of faux pearl and rhinestone ballet flats that were both adorable and super comfortable since I would be on my feet all day. As soon as everyone ate, we made the mad dash to Roman’s extended cab truck and piled inside.

The house we bought wasn’t far from the elementary school, so it only took a few minutes to get there. Pulling up in front of the school before the craziness of student drop-off officially started, Roman twisted in his seat to smile at our kids. “Okay, guys. Off you go. Mom will be out in a second.”

Proving that he was a great big brother when he wasn’t teasing his siblings, Ross helped Lea and Ryan out of the truck and waited with them on the sidewalk.

When the door shut behind them, Roman leaned over the console to kiss me. “You ready for your first day, gorgeous?”

Although I hadn’t stepped foot inside a classroom other than as a parent in almost a decade, I wasn’t nervous to go back. My life was too perfect to worry about stuff like that. Roman and our children were what mattered to me. “Yup, I’m good.”

“You’re more than good.” He unclicked my seat belt. “You’re fucking amazing, and every student in your class is lucky to have you teaching them.”

“I love you so much,” I whispered.

“I love you too, gorgeous.” He hopped out of the truck and circled around to get my door. When I climbed out, he swatted me on the butt. “Go kick some ass so you’re hungry for my spaghetti and meatballs tonight.”

I beamed a smile at him over my shoulder as I walked away and murmured, “Be ready, I’m going to be hungry for another kind of meat after the kids go to bed.”

His deep chuckle drifted toward me as I shuffled our children into the school, but he wasn’t laughing when he gave me exactly what I wanted later

that night.

Phantom is the next Silver Saint to find his woman!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The writing duo of Elle Christensen and Rochelle Paige team up under the *USA Today* bestselling Fiona Davenport pen name to bring you sexy, insta-love stories filled with alpha males. If you want a quick & dirty read with a guaranteed happily ever after, then give Fiona Davenport a try!

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